

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 7, 1990

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Search JULIENNE published weekly, except one issue a year end, by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, regional office Rockville, Md. New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Linn, President, D. W. Brundage, Treasurer, Bernard Barnes, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash U.S. and Canadian subscriptions: \$7.50 a year. Single copies: \$1.00 a year, all other \$1.00 a year.

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Next week

24 HOURS OF DAYTONA, a new event, opens the world championship sports-car racing season. It brings to Florida top cars and drivers, and Barbara La Fontaine to cover them.

THE BRIGHTEST STAR in high school basketball is a crew-cut, medium-sized, handsome young man who could make any college team today. Frank Deford tells us who he is.

A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER named Jacoby, reports Bob Osem, are giving the men a real run for their money in the madcap of all so-called sports offshore racing in powerboats.

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Is the Breakfast of Champions swordfish with artichoke, or perhaps fried shrimp with meat? Edwain Shrike reports this week that it can be if you happen to be golf champion Billy Casper; and the Lunch of Champions and Dinner of Champions is bizarre, too (page 22). But this hardly makes Casper unique, for we have long noticed that the nutritional concerns and appetites of athletes can be distinctive.

Among golfers, for example, Gary Player is a health faddist. He, like Casper, believes that what he eats significantly affects his strength and therefore his athletic success. His doctor has just warned him that if he does not stop



NICKLAUS, GO-PEE BEST OYSTERMAN

stuffing himself with certain nature foods he will get uremic poisoning. Player pales at the sight of Jack Nicklaus eating, but may a strongman would, for Jack can down six dozen oysters at a sitting. Arnold Palmer is something else again. Two weeks ago in San Francisco he sent his hamburger back to the kitchen three times to get it ultrawell-done, which is what suits his millionaire's taste.

To balance the burned burger, San Francisco must also cope with 49ers Tackle Bob St. Clair, who orders his beef and liver raw. He did it first as a publicity gag and says, "Now I really like the raw taste." We're glad, and he

helps enhance football's culinary image, which needs enhancing. Team doctors say football players average about 6,000 calories a day—twice the normal amount—but they don't do it with much elegance. San Diego's Ernie Ladd will eat 20 eggs for breakfast. Chicago's Doug Atkins has consumed 50 pieces of fried chicken at a meal and the Kansas City Chiefs are still recovering from the day the bosses took Tackle Alphonse Dotson to lunch. He ate two corned beef and cheese sandwiches, a large shrimp salad, a platter of fried onions, a grilled cheese sandwich, three glasses of milk, an entire apple strudel and three ice-cream cones. When a pro football coach talks about his lean and hungry team, forget it. One worthy exception is Detroit's Joe Don Looney, who is said to subsist on wheat germ, sunflower seeds, tequila and beer. Joe Don now has a dog, which is thriving on much the same diet.

Comparatively speaking, baseball players are gastronomic bores—their is a steak-house league—and so are basketball personalities, though there is always Celtic Coach Red Auerbach, who has never eaten an egg in his life. His breakfasts are leftover *la zeev*, or sometimes cream puffs and Coke.

There are other individualists: Jockey Johnny Rotz, in a profession where most people don't eat at all, downing two steaks and 10 egg sandwiches at one time; Murray Rose swimming his way to world records on a seaweed diet; Peter Snell, carrying his own pot of tea into a restaurant for fear that orange pekoe might slow him down; second; Prizefighter Laszlo Papp, insisting that he train at home in Hungary because nowhere else can he get the hot paprika that gives him strength. And finally there is Peggy Fleming (page 15), who just last week won the U.S. Figure Skating Championship on a macaroni diet.

Now pass the Wheaties, please.

Gary Vack

BOOKTALK

Three good ones, ranging from fishing to heavens to saving of our open spaces

The big outdoor book of the season is *McClure's Standard Fishing Encyclopedia and International Angling Guide*, edited by A. J. McClure, fishing editor of *Fish & Stream*, and published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston at \$19.95. This literally rivet big book, it weighs five and a half pounds, about as much as a lunker bass, and the entries range alphabetically from Awaia, the Hawaiian name for the black-spot wrasse, to zooplankton. All told, there are 1,057 pages crammed with information and excellent drawings and photographs. Back in 1951, McClure edited *The Rise of Fishermen's Encyclopedia*. But his new book far surpasses that effort, good as it was. The new encyclopedia is easily the best all-purpose reference work on angling, whether one fishes for sunnies, chair, swordfish or marlin.

The work is so all encompassing that no man could have written it himself, and McClure was assisted by 179 other authors. For instance, the flies shown in color were largely tied by Harris and I had Dorbee, usually acknowledged as the best flytier in the country, if not the world. Besides entries on standard subjects, the book also boasts extensive articles on freshwater and marine ecology. There are excellent entries on mayflies and stoneflies, written with clarity of style and enhanced by easily discernible drawings. This is the sort of stuff the average angler can never find anywhere else, unless he takes the trouble to consult scientific works, usually overloaded with the technical jargon of the specialist and illustrated with baffling keys to species. *McClure's Standard Fishing Encyclopedia* also has first-rate life histories of fish that could conceivably be of interest to any angler. To get as much detail elsewhere, one would have to resort to a study such as Bigelow and Schroeder's *Fishes of the Gulf of Maine*.

The encyclopedia totals nearly a million words, but careful spot checking reveals only a few omissions and errors. The entry on New York notes sundry lakes, ponds and streams but brooks off the Hudson. On page 220 the sketches of the damselfly and dragonfly nymphs and adults are transposed, and in the bibliography the fourth edition of James G. and Paul R. Needham's *A Guide to the Study of Fresh-water Biology*, published in Ithaca, N.Y. in 1938, is cited, whereas an up-to-date reference should cite the fifth edition, revised and enlarged, published in San Francisco in 1962. But this is quibbling. How many other fishing booksgive such an exhaustive bibliography? The answer is few, and there is no other single work that can match *McClure's Standard Fishing Encyclopedia* in scope.

continued

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in Des Moines

Chuck Folkers is a young man with a keen interest in Des Moines and its people. And he has proven it a number of times.

A graduate of Penn. State University, Chuck has been associated with a number of civic activities since settling in Des Moines — including the Junior Chamber of Commerce, local fund drives and the YMCA. It's not surprising that with his desire to serve the community, he also chose a career where he could serve the community's residents. Chuck is a full-time career representative with Connecticut General. He serves his clients from his office in the Des Moines Savings and Loan Building. What's more, Chuck is rapidly becoming recognized as one of the area's leading young businessmen.

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BOOKTALK continued

Nest to a rod and a license, this book is a must for the serious fisherman. Indeed, it is more than a book — it is an achievement.

Before the white man settled North America, there were an estimated 60 million beavers in the U.S. By 1900 the beaver was almost extinct. In the rugged wilds of the Adirondacks there were only a dozen, and they were the only beavers surviving in all of New York state. Now, as the result of restocking and protective laws, the beaver is beginning to flourish enough anyway to have prompted Leonard Lee Rue III to have written *The World of the Beaver* for J. B. Lippincott's Living World series. This series, still under way, began four years ago under the editorship of John K. Terres, formerly of the National Audubon Society, and so far books have dealt with the worlds of the raccoon, the white-tailed deer (both also by Rue), the coyote and bobcat (by Joe Van Wormer), the red-tailed hawk and great horned owl (by G. Ronald Ainsight). For anyone who wants to know about the habits of wild animals, particularly animals that can live in close proximity to man, these books are very good indeed. Each book is priced at \$4.95 and is divided between text and black-and-white photographs. The pictures are first-rate and to the point, and the text traces the life of the animal under discussion through the seasons of the year. There is, thanks be, no self-conscious "nature writing of the crimson-sunset school." The various authors let the facts speak for themselves, and it is obvious they know their facts.

In order for animals and man to thrive open space is essential, and that is the subject of a new book, *Sewardship*, by Charles E. Little and Robert L. Burnap. Although the authors are mainly concerned with the need for open space within the 22 counties comprising and surrounding New York City, *Sewardship* is highly recommended reading to anyone anywhere in the U.S. actively interested in recreation areas, park lands and wildlife sanctuaries. It is not a book for grippers who sit on their backyards, but it will be of great assistance to those fishermen, hunters, hikers, bird watchers and indignant garden clubbers who "want to do something" to save that wild gorge or patch of woods on the town line. Little and Burnap cite case histories in land philanthropy, and they show how desirable open space can be when it is spared the bulldozer's blade. They devote considerable detail to such important matters as the tax benefits of giving, deed restrictions, scenic easements and cluster development. Copies of *Sewardship* are obtainable from the Open Space Action Committee, 205 East 42 Street, New York, N.Y. 10017, \$3 paperbound, \$6 cloth.

— ROBERT H. BOYLE

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HOW MUCH WEIGHT DOES YOUR OPINION CARRY?

Whatever the occasion, some people have a knack for getting their points across.

Perhaps it's just the way they've learned how to express themselves. Maybe it's a "gift of gab," or their certain way with words, or their natural ability to soak up information about everything under the sun – and talk about it. Whatever the reason, people like them are almost always looked up to, in any group. They feel at ease. They make their points well. They hold your attention, and earn respect.

Nobody is born with such an ability. And yet, not everybody develops it. After all, for an opinion to carry weight, it must be based on facts. And, frankly, some people have more access to facts than others do – because of their jobs, or their training, or their experiences. For many, however, increased access to facts – and the increased self-confidence it can bring – can be as simple as owning Encyclopaedia Britannica, and being able to turn to it for information on anything, any time. From polar odds to business law.

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SCORECARD

WISCONSIN'S SHERMAN ACT

Now that a Georgia court has enjoined the Atlanta Braves to stay in Atlanta and a Wisconsin court has enjoined the Milwaukee Braves to prepare to play in Milwaukee, the most delicious irony is apparent. After determinedly avoiding litigation for years in order to preserve its immunity from antitrust legislation, baseball has blundered its way into a legal action almost certain to land it in the nation's highest court.

Circuit Judge Elmer Roller's January 25 ruling that the National League is liable to prosecution in his court under Wisconsin's antitrust act was in direct conflict with the Georgia decision. If the supreme courts of the two states uphold their respective lower courts—as seems likely—the U.S. Supreme Court will have a clear duty to resolve the interstate controversy. And the NL's immediately stated intent to defy the Wisconsin injunction all but destroys any chance of a backstage compromise.

Meanwhile, the Braves are 99½% sure to play in Atlanta. The other ½% provides most of the amusing speculation. Under the Constitution's "full faith and credit" clause, Wisconsin theorists expect to be able to insist that Missouri, for example, honor the injunction by preventing the Cardinals from playing the Braves in Atlanta. If even one state did thus comply, the National League schedule would be unworkable.

Inertia, self-interest and lack of precedent probably will preclude that possibility and guarantee the Braves' full accomplishment, but one wouldn't want to be too sure. In a previous North-South controversy, it was Atlanta that got burned.

POLICE ACTION

Two new high schools will open in San Antonio next September—Winston Churchill and Theodore Roosevelt. Nobody is willing to bet that their athletic teams won't be known as the Bulldogs and the Rough Riders.

Meanwhile, another new school, Key-

stone, already is active in sports, but folks are having considerable difficulty giving its young sports heroes a nickname. Why doesn't everybody go right ahead and call them the Kops and get it over with?

OGG'S LIFE

Spokane is a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't want to officiate there. Home team Gonzaga University was handling the University of Idaho with surprising ease in a recent Big Sky Conference basketball game, but the Zag fans—as loudly partisan as can be found anywhere—were giving the referees a hard time.

Referee Bill Fouts took the abuse with equanimity until, late in the game, he stepped to the sideline to give the ball to an Idaho player out of bounds. It was then that Salty, a bulldog who serves as the Gonzaga mascot, but Fouts in the leg. "Everybody's a critic," said Fouts.

But some critiques have more bite to them than others.

ERNIE AND BERNIE

The New York State boxing commission's decision to deny Heavyweight Ernie Terrell a license because of his association with Bernie Glickman is commendable and correct. Glickman is known to have friends in the underworld—Frank Carbo among them. At the Chuvalo-Terrell fight in Toronto, Glickman was conspicuously present in Terrell's corner.

Up until that fight Terrell's manager was Big Julie Isaacson, president of the Electrical Novelty Workers Union and nonstop *Guy and Dolls* character (SI, March 1, 1965). Boundlessly proud of managing Terrell ("We're the Heavyweight Champion of the World"), Isaacson was not the kind of man to sell his chief joy. Yet Big Julie gave up Terrell for \$20,000 though a championship fight with Clay was in prospect—a fight, moreover, that could net even the loser half a million dollars. The suspicion must remain, despite Big Julie's

claims to the contrary, that Isaacson was eased out.

The New York decision should be effective as well as correct. The Louisville group, still Clay's sponsors, has reiterated its determination to shun any challenger not approved by "a reputable boxing commission such as the one in New York or California." This is a shame in one respect: Terrell, on his boxing ability, is clearly the most deserving contender. But this is merely all the more reason for boxing to help Terrell divorce himself from mob influence.

SLICK EXCUSE

A basketball game between Dallas Baptist College and Tyler (Texas) Junior College at Dallas Memorial Auditorium was postponed on short notice. The reason given: "too much wax on the floor."

SUCCESS-TO-BE

Running in an international 5,000-meter race against fellow New Zealander Bill Baillie and some highly rated Russians, John Davies entered the last lap looking not particularly impressive. Then, in a flurry of cinders, he took off, finished the



race with a 300-yard sprint, passed Leonid Ivanov, Baillie and Victor Kudinsky, and won in a respectable 13 minutes 54.4 seconds.

Prance flowed freely for the tall, bespectacled public relations man from the timber town of Tokoroa who had, in the past, been chiefly known for running second to Peter Snell. No less an authority than Arthur Lyndard said that Davies' win in this company insured real success.

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Thereupon no less an authority than Davies himself explained the reason for his sudden improvement. It seems that a bee had flown into his mouth on that last lap and had stung him on the tongue.

AND IT'S STILL A SUCKER BET

Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder's winter-book baseball odds are here, and can spring be far behind? This is the way Las Vegas' premier sports analyst sees it.

National League: Los Angeles, 2 to 1; San Francisco and Cincinnati, 4 to 1; Braves, whether Atlanta or Milwaukee, 6 to 1; Philadelphia, 8 to 1; Pittsburgh, 15 to 1; St. Louis, 25 to 1; Chicago, 100 to 1; Houston and New York, 1,000 to 1.

American League: Baltimore, 3 to 1; Chicago, Minnesota and New York, 4 to 1; Detroit, 8 to 1; Cleveland, 15 to 1; California, Boston and Washington, 200 to 1; Kansas City, 10,000 to 1.

Mr. Snyder, who did right well last season (he backed the experts to pick the sixth-place Dodgers to win the pennant), has arguments to back up his odds: "If Los Angeles could go all the way last year without Tommy Davis, the Dodgers can do it again with Tommy back, but he must return at full speed." Cincinnati may have sacrificed too much in trading Frank Robinson, who was a factor in at least 35 Red wins last season. Jimmie feels that San Francisco's trade for Andy McClellan and Don Landrum was the big steal of the off season.

In the American League, "Frank Robinson makes Baltimore the club to beat." The Twins have a spotty infield except for Zoilo Versalles. The Yankees will improve, but not enough, and Detroit is a sleeper ("Chuck Dressen probably is the best manager in baseball").

And those 10,000-to-1 odds against the A's? That's because the Athletics, "no better than even money to finish dead last," aren't even trying.

1966 ALL OVER AGAIN

The larcenous ending to this year's Monte Carlo Rally, in which the first four cars—all British—were disqualified on a technicality leaving a French car the winner, prompted some good old-fashioned cross-Channel persiflage.

"The Battle of Agincourt, as is well known in France, was won by the French," said an editorial in London's *Daily Mail*. "Although it was at first thought that the English archers had earned the day—leaving 6,000 French

soldiers apparently dead—they were later discovered to have been disqualified. Instead of keeping up their garments with string like honest men, they had employed that fiendish and unfair [invention], the trouser button. As Henry V remarked at the time, 'Once more unto the breach, dear friends.'

"We must not forget Trafalgar, which many thought Nelson might have won had he not barely seized on the advantage of fighting with only one eye. '*C'est avec un œil*,' he observed, '*mais ce n'est pas la guerre*.' Kiss me, Hardy."

"Which brings us on to modern times and the victory of 1940 which, as Hitler conceded, he had no right to claim since it depended on the technicality that the Maginot Line was not quite as long as it should have been.

"We would just remind the French that the arrow that killed King Harold at Hastings did not have the correct number of feathers in it and therefore did not count."

The British cars' offense? Their headlights could not be dimmed.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD LIP

Leo Durocher was making his first swing through the Midwest as Chicago Cubs manager, and he needed something to sustain his reputation. "If any of my players don't, repeat *don't*, take a drink now and then they'll be gone," he said. "You don't play this game on ginger-snaps."

The Cubs let that reverberate for a while. Then they were heard from. It was Second Baseman Glenn Beckert, a rookie last year, who got the chance to speak up at a baseball writers' banquet. "It's seldom a 240 hitter gets to the speaker's table," he said humbly, "but Mr. Durocher's here, so I'm not alone."

A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR

Standing in need of help are many citizens who doubt their ability to persevere through the cold and slush of January and February to the first throb of hell against glove in spring training. Let us inject some poetry into their bleak winter. Do they know that the Navajo word for January means "The Thawing of Snow for Water," and February means "The Hatching of Young Eagles"?

THE SCHOLAR'S RETURN

When Cliff Richey, 19-year-old third-ranked U.S. tennis player, was dragged back home from his Australian tour to resume his studies in suburban Dallas,

one thing was very clear, the overaged high school junior was not happy about his homecoming. The only thing clearer was that Richey faced a greeting from his draft board if he did not enroll in school for the second semester, and the temperamental Richey prefers his greetings to come via Hallmark.

Cliff's father George accepted the situation with the same good grace and tact. "I'm afraid this is more upsetting to the Australians than it is to us," he said. "They aren't accustomed to having anyone quitting tennis to go to school. In Australia they quit school to play tennis."

SOME PRIVILEGE

Looking for a real solid opportunity to lose money? Contact the owners of the Chicago Bulls, the newest franchise in the National Basketball Association. The owners have just paid \$1.6 million for the privilege of finishing in last place by a margin that should make cellar teams like the Pistons and the Knicks look like the Celtics. They can't miss. The team has nothing going for it—not even the league.

Chicago was refused first choice in the draft (indeed, it can't pick until all nine existing clubs have a shot at the top college players). This means Chicago has no chance to get Cazzie Russell, the Michigan star the Bulls were counting on to draw fans in a city whose two previous teams failed miserably in the NBA. The reason? Many of the NBA owners toiled hard and lost money building the league; they are not inclined to be benevolent toward a new kid on the block. Their old comrade Fred Zollner of the Pistons desperately needs Russell to revive interest at the gate in Detroit. Zollner's lowly Pistons will probably have the first draft choice, meaning Russell.

Chicago won't get much help from the draft in any case. Its selections are 10th, 13th, 14th, 20th and on up—or down.

The Chicago owners are to be admired for their philanthropy.

THEY SAID IT

• Sonny Jurgensen, Washington quarterback, on Otto Graham's appointment as Redskins head coach: "It's good to have a former quarterback as coach. Otto knows what it is when they miss the blocks and make you throw with your eyes closed just before the crash comes."

• Cassius Clay, when asked if he played golf: "I am the best. I just haven't played yet."

END

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CHAMPIONS OF WINTER

Their sports seem as different as the seasons, but in last week's bitter weather Pole Vaulter John Pennel was competing indoors where it was toasty warm and Figure Skater Peggy Fleming was competing indoors

where it was cold as ice. Both sailed through the air with the greatest of ease. Pennel continued his assault on vaulting marks and Miss Fleming, a will-o'-the-wisp who has to be coaxed to eat, won her third U.S. title

JOHN PENNEL: A SORE-BACKED WINE SALESMAN

The most exciting human projectile since Hugo Zacchini, who earned his living by having himself fired from a cannon, is an insouciant young man named John Pennel. Pennel is fired from the end of a willowy 16-foot fiber-glass pole and performs, unlike the high-calibered Zacchini, strictly for fun, at least during the indoor track season. He has, in recent weeks, broken the world indoor vault record (16 feet 9½ inches in Los Angeles two weeks ago) and the Millrose Games and Madison Square Garden record in New York. Saturday night in Boston he came within a misplaced thigh of being the first man to reach 17 feet indoors. But of all his recent leaps, the 16-foot 5-inch effort in New York last week (right) probably was the most perfect. The many and intricate elements of the pole vault came together where Pennel needed them most—directly over the bar. Viewing sequence pictures later, Pennel marveled at what had happened and estimated he could have cleared another foot had the bar been set at that height.

Pennel was not made particularly angry by his failure to go higher in New York. "The indoor season is fun," he said. "I have a good time, but it isn't serious. I don't want to peak too early. I save that for outdoors."

Pennel at 25 is a compact 5 feet 11, weighs 170 pounds, most of them packed into superbly developed arm, chest and

shoulder muscles. He was the first man ever to vault 17 feet outdoors, and he may be the first to make 18. "I have not set a ceiling for myself," he says. "But I'm sure 18 feet 3 is possible, maybe 18 feet 6."

Pennel started vaulting on a used TV antenna when he was a youngster in Miami, where his father owns a welding-equipment company. A minor sensation at Coral Gables High, where he also played sousaphone in the band and piano to please his mother, he entered Northeast Louisiana State College and swapped his steel pole for an aluminum one. He did 15 feet ¾ on aluminum but, in the meantime, John Uelses reached 16 feet on fiber glass, and Pennel switched again. The best he could manage during that first season on glass was 14 feet 8 and it took him two years to climb to 15 feet 4.

"I couldn't get used to the bend," he says. "I was scared of it."

By 1963 he had conquered his fear, learned the difficult acrobatic technique required on glass and, in an amazing outdoor season, bettered the world record six times and tied it once. After pushing the ceiling to 16 feet 10 in London, he predicted that he would go over 17. He made good on the promise by clearing 17 feet ¼ inches in Miami in August.

Pennel might have cleared 18 feet by now except for a long series of crippling

injuries, among them a broken heel in 1964. For the last 10 years he has been troubled with a sore back, which has finally been diagnosed as a slipped disc. It flared up in Tokyo just before the Olympic Games. "I had done 17 feet easily in practice," Pennel says. "Then I strained the disc badly and, instead of quitting, I went on and tried three more vaults. That was a mistake."

It was, indeed. Pennel spent most of his time in Tokyo in bed, where a variety of trainers and doctors took turns misdiagnosing his injury. One East German trainer said that he had a pulled muscle and gave him a deep massage with a stick. This left him with a badly bruised back as well as a slipped disc.

"Everybody thought I was through," Pennel says. "For a long time I thought so, too. I had a job as a sports announcer on Channel 4 in Miami, and I wasn't training. But subconsciously I must have known that I would be back. When CBS offered me the announcing job, I didn't take it until I had checked the AAU about my eligibility."

Pennel's back gradually improved. By last year, just before the AAU championships in San Diego, he felt that it was strong enough for him to vault again.

continued

Returning to earth after perfect vault in New York, muscular Pennel slips cleanly past bar.





He quit his CBS job so that he would have time to work out, although that hardly seemed necessary since Pennel, never an arduous trainer at best, required only three practice sessions in the two weeks before the meet. He won at 17 feet.

A friend of Pennel's, John Dobroth, a dedicated, superanalytical high jumper, says: "There is no telling what John could do if he worked hard at it or if he were analytical in his approach."

Lack of training was not Pennel's

trouble last summer in the Russian-American meet in Kiev, where he suffered a double disaster, he lost to Gennady Bhrnetsov, and all three of his poles were stolen.

"I didn't have any more poles right for my weight," Pennel says, "that is, 175-pound test. A pole is as individual as a pole vaulter. You may have six that test out 175, and every one will react differently. I had to use 170-pound test poles the rest of the trip, and I didn't get over 16 feet 5."

Pennel has just moved to Los Angeles, where the competition is keener and the training facilities better than in his native Miami. He is a sales representative for a California vintner, an occupation which he hopes will give him enough time for vaulting. This spring he will step up his training schedule, and it seems likely that the first mast—other than Hugo Zacchini—to propel himself over 18 feet into the air without benefit of an engine will be a sore-throated wine salesman named John Pennel.

PEGGY FLEMING: A LITTLE GIRL FOR A TOUGH SPORT

Wearing a regal gold dress and winning as stylishly as she was clad, with hests from all five judges for both her skater figures and the free skating, shy, blue-eyed Peggy Fleming took the U.S. Senior Ladies' figure-skating title last week for the third year in a row. She is preparing to take on the world "Flawless" and "superb" are a few of the descriptions of her free skating, and the judges' evaluations of her school figures were even higher. Now if the United States can just get Peggy Fleming to eat more meat, the country may have it made.

Seventeen-year-old Peggy, at 5 feet 3½ and 108 pounds, is a little girl for a tough sport, and a little girl, according to Olympic Gold Medalist Dick Button, with deplorable eating habits and, consequently, not enough stamina. "She was stronger this time," he conceded after the competition in Berkeley, Calif. last Friday, but he clearly intends to go on lecturing her fiercely on the nutritional superiority of steak over macaroni; he has been known to take her to dinner, with her mother, and refuse to leave the restaurant until Peggy had finished all her protein.

There is no doubt that keeping Peggy's strength up should be important to everybody here who cares about figure skating. She is an exquisite skater, lyrical, expressive and technically fine. "... a skater who has a unique combination of athletic ability, technical control, great style and immense musicality," as Button wrote of her last year, taking time off from his eat-more-meat campaign to observe that she had skated at the world championships.

Button does not want a stronger Peg-

gy in order that she might skate differently. "She is a delicate lady on the ice," he says. "She is not a fiery skater, and she shouldn't be made to be. With some skaters there is a lot of fuss and feathers, but nothing is happening. With Peggy there's no fuss and feathers, and a great deal is happening. She does certain small things which I know from experience are difficult, hard to do and hard to learn, but some people [some judges] can't even realize she's doing them. The only other skater in her class since the war has been Tenley Albright."

The last is an important accolade. A U.S. figure-skating championship has been an elusive honor for some years now, since the jet crash in Brussels in 1961 that killed our accomplished skaters, our promising skaters and many of the teachers who could teach skaters. The winners of U.S. competitions for a time could not help but be the best of a fledgling lot, and Button's estimation of Peggy's ability allows her to quit next week if she wants to without running the risk of going down in history, as Floyd Patterson so needlessly feared he might, dismissed as an untested champion.

The Fleming family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fleming, Peggy and her sisters, Janice, Maxine and Cathy, who are 18, 15 and 11 respectively. Mr. Fleming is a newspaper printer of the old, meaning itinerant, breed, and the Flemings have moved so frequently around this country and Canada that it is difficult to keep all the years and places straight. However, Peggy's older sister, Janice, remembers when Peggy first put on skates. It was eight years ago in the Cleveland Arena. "We had never been near an ice rink before," Janice says, "but we were looking for something to do. It was amazing. Peggy took

to skates right off. She didn't wobble or anything, she just started skating as though she had been at it for a long time."

She stayed at it through the long succession of moves, studying where and with whom she could, until the family's most recent Peggy-oriented move landed them in Colorado Springs, near the Broadmoor Hotel ice school, where she studies now with its coach, Carlo Fassi.

The life Peggy leads is the virtually inevitable life of a young champion—practice at dawn, practice after school, a rudimentary social life and a state of mild distortion of family affairs to help Peggy make her own demands upon herself. She has one advantage over many young champions—a school, the Cheyenne Mountain High School, which has had a number of figure-skating champions and so understands her problems. The good of this seems minimal, however, since she got there only last fall, in time for her senior year.

It is an admirable, but always rather sad-sounding life, and Peggy, an immensely shy and self-contained child, says the admirable but always rather sad-sounding things about living it. "There are lots of disappointments . . . sometimes I fight against being human . . . but in overcoming these I learn, and that makes my life worthwhile."

Peggy came in third in the world championships last year, after Petra Burka of Canada and Regine Heitzer of Austria. She will be facing the same competition at the championships in Davos, Switzerland later this month, but she goes as a—literally—stronger challenger. And she has the technique, style, musical sense and a special grace that make her the most impressive U.S. skater in a decade.

END

Descending to ice after a perfect leap, Peggy Fleming shows her exquisite winning form.

ROYAL REVERSAL IN THE EAST

After a decade of runaway triumphs by the Celtics, pro basketball's Eastern Division has a brisk three-team race, and the big surprise is what Coach Jack McMahon has done to the Cincinnati Royals by TOM C. BRODY

A look at the standings in the National Basketball Association last week revealed that none of the teams was missing—but there was still something wrong, or so it seemed. The first-place listing in the Eastern Division, not a typographical error, read: Cincinnati. The Royals were not there by much—half a game—but don't knock it. In addition, the Philadelphia 76ers, physically the strongest team in the league, were just a dunk short behind the Royals. Suddenly—and surprisingly—the race in the East had changed from a stroll to a scramble.

How did this happen? A good question. For a decade the Celtics had consistently and emphatically settled the

issue by February 1, and those brave statements made by Boston's rivals insisting that the race was not yet over fooled nobody. So what in the world were the Royals doing up there?

Improbable as it sounds, it turns out to be perfectly reasonable. The Celtics are hurt physically. John Havlicek, Tom Sanders and Willie Naulls are having a miserable time with various portions of their legs, and gone are the likes of Cousy, Ramsey and Heinsohn.

But it would be wrong to ascribe Boston's situation to galloping old age. More important are the attributes the Royals are displaying: they have become tough, quick, confident—and they have flair. Their assets, in fact, sound suspiciously like those that champions are made of. There is Oscar Robertson, who continues to do more things better than anybody almost all of the time. Jerry Lucas is playing every game as if it were the final of the playoffs, and has become the most effective rebounding forward ever to play in the NBA. And if the opposition is inclined to gang up on Robertson, Adrian Smith—known fondly as Odie—stops that nonsense immediately with accurate shots from long range. Wayne Embry has sacrificed his position on the All-Star team and about six points from his scoring average by moving out to a high post to set screens for the good Cincinnati shooters. "Screen" may not be quite the word for the 6-foot-8, 260-pound Embry: the Great Wall of China, perhaps. Tom Hawkins is slightly smallish (6 feet 5) for a man whose principal duty is to get rebounds, but he manages very well because of his ability to jump. There is also a sixth man this year, a luxury the Royals have seldom enjoyed, in Happy Hairston. Happy laughs almost all the time, which is fine for morale, but he also comes into games with great zest and an ability to score points in a hurry.

The changes in the Royals are subtle ones, with the same good players doing what they have always done well. The difference is in team execution. Instead

of racing up and down the floor with individual style—a sort of last-man-to-the-basket-is-a-rotten-egg abandon—the players now complement each other.

Such a pleasant blending of talent might have come eventually at any rate, but it has come to Cincinnati in 1966 because Jack McMahon has been working on it for three years. He learned the system as a player for the St. Louis Hawks, perfected it early as a coach and is utilizing it now with the calm daring of a first-rate tactician. It really has not been very long since McMahon was the whippetlike playmaker for the Hawks, but it would be the grossest form of flattery to suggest that he resembles that man now. McMahon is plainly pudgy and has lost a step or two of his speed—or maybe half a basketball court—but in his attitude toward winning nothing has changed. It is complete, consuming and at times agonizing to watch.

San Francisco Warrior Coach Alex Hannum, who was McMahon's coach in St. Louis, recalls a bus ride after what should have been the last game of the 1957 season. The Hawks lost it, however, and that meant a sudden-death playoff with the Fort Wayne Pistons for the championship. "We were cursing our luck in the bus and moaning over what might have been if we hadn't blown that last game," says Hannum. It was 3 a.m. when McMahon startled the others by standing up and saying: "To hell with that. We lost. We're going to think about the game tomorrow. Fort Wayne, those blankety-blanks, is a team that can't even get on the floor with us. You guys hear that? They can't even get on the floor with us." In the playoff McMahon scored 28 points, had 14 assists, held Gene Shue—who was Fort Wayne's best scorer—in check all night, and St. Louis won easily.

McMahon still believes that way. When the Royals win, as they did last week against the Celtics to go into first place, he is the perfect picture of a man about to have a nervous breakdown. He fidgets and wrings his hands, and his



Conscientious as he was as a player, now partly McMahon questions referee's call.

face turns various hues of red. When the Royals lose the agony lingers on. Driving home with his wife Kay, a strikingly attractive blonde with a pixie cut, McMahon's first words are: "I don't want to talk about it." Silence. "If that jerk referee had called—I don't want to talk about it." Silence. "Did you see them hit Lucas on that tip? I don't want to talk about it." And so on until most of the game has been rejected and covered.

The Royals' start this season was hardly auspicious. Robertson had been a holdout all through training, and McMahon worried about a chest injury to Lucas that had forced him to miss nearly a quarter of last season. When Cincinnati lost three of its first four games, opposing coaches raced off to see when their turn would come to play the Royals. The NBA, however, has frequently turned out some of the strangest schedules ever devised for professional teams, and this year's was one of the wackiest. It may also have won a championship for the Royals. After playing four games in five nights, Cincinnati had eight straight days off, and that was all McMahon needed.

Back to two-a-day practice sessions went the Royals, just as in training camp, and from then on things started looking better and better. Oscar quickly regained top form, and Lucas not only was obviously fit but seemed as eager to play as he did in his sophomore year at Ohio State. The explanation was simple: For two years basketball games had been only one part of Jerry's busy life, but over the summer he had decided that one business at a time was plenty: the only thing on his mind now was 25 rebounds a game. McMahon also managed to persuade Odie Smith that he was the world's greatest shooter and, while that may be stretching a point, Smith began to shoot as if he were. The NBA coaches selected Smith to play in the All-Star Game, an honor that miffed many who were partial to the Knicks' Dick Barnett. But little Odie scored 24 points and drove off with a new Ford convertible awarded to the game's most valuable player. During practice the next day Smith got the usual ribbing from his teammates. He took it all with a big smile and continued to fire away with those long shots. "Look at him," said McMahon. "I've created a monster."

After the eight-day break the Celtics



As Lucas goes up for a defensive rebound against Philadelphia, Smith and Robertson (right) are in position for the quick passout from Jerry that starts Cincinnati's brilliant fast break.

came to Cincinnati with fond memories of their first encounter of the season. But things were different. Lucas continually grabbed the ball off the defensive boards and got rid of it to Robertson or Smith in what many coaches concede is world-record time. Such moves are guaranteed to generate effective fast breaks, and when the Celtics did manage to slow the Royals a little Cincy used one of the set plays McMahon had instituted.

The Royals won eight in a row after

the happy schedule break, and their only brush with disaster came in the second half of a game in Cincinnati when McMahon ripped out the seat of his pants, displaying a pair of colorful plaid shorts. Through the rest of the game he was forced to remain on the bench—even when he thought the referee blew a call. When the game ended, Trainer Charlie Swope hurriedly covered the situation with an overcoat and McMahon ran off to the locker room. "This game never ceases to excite me," he said.

END



YEAR OF DROUGHT IN THE WEST

Florida tracks already boast a strong pair of Derby contenders, but California has little to offer. However, a growing protest by horsemen may bring remedies in both racing and breeding

by WHITNEY TOWER

The search is on in California for a logical Kentucky Derby rival for Florida-based Graustark and Buckpasser, but the pickings are mighty slim. Santa Anita has one of the poorest 3-year-old divisions in years. Last week, following the running of the seven-furlong San Vicente, a home favorite finally emerged. Named Saber Mountain, he is a spirited son of Bagdad who has now won all four of his races. "We may have everyone's number out here," said Charlie Whittingham, who trains Saber Mountain for Orlan Howard Keck, "but we don't know about the rest of the country—yet."

What the rest of the country knows—and what a lot of California racing people would like to ignore but can't—is

that Saber Mountain is no more a California product than a frosted mint julep. Out of the Nasrullah mare Gal I Love, Keck's promising colt was foaled at Bull Hancock's Claiborne Farm deep in Kentucky's bluegrass.

It is natural enough that Kentucky, where half a billion dollars is invested in some 35,000 horses, should continue to lead in the production of top horses. But what comes as a distinct shock is that California—second only to Kentucky in the number of Thoroughbred foals produced—finds the structure of its own enormous breeding industry in a serious and drastic decline. Racing factions representing Thoroughbreds, harness horses and quarter horses are, more than ever before, at each other's

throats in a complicated series of political power plays. Meanwhile, as Governor Pat Brown and his legislature contemplate some action to revitalize racing, leading stallions and mares are leaving by the vanloads to enrich the studs of other states, most notably Kentucky. Even Rex Ellsworth, the cowboy owner-breeder-trainer who, with Mesh Tenney, was supposed to "break up the game" with the greatest stable assembled since the heyday of the late Aga Khan, is having a disastrous season.

The reasons for this decline are many and varied, but basically the fault is that the state is attempting to build an industry on only 110 days of top-quality racing, 55 days each at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. Both of these plants



Kentucky-bred Seber Mountain captures the San Vicente at Santa Anita to stay unbeaten

horse business represents a total investment of nearly \$200 million—of which Thoroughbred breeding and racing stables account for more than 71%.

Considering such figures, the Stanford researchers indicated possible remedies. Among them:

1) Additional racing days in the Los Angeles area, where dates are still approximately what they were in the late '30s although the population has nearly quadrupled.

2) Complete reorganization of racing in the San Francisco area, with the possibility that the three existing associations, Tanforan, Bay Meadows and Golden Gate Fields, would be merged.

3) Harness racing at night.

4) Sunday racing.

In an election year Governor Brown is now faced with something of a political dilemma. Two years ago he was ready to sign a bill giving additional days to the flats, but at the last minute the trotting people pushed through a clause authorizing night racing. Brown went on record as saying, "There will never be night racing in California while I am governor." Last week, admitting that he had yet to read the Stanford report, he softened that stand a bit, but not much: "It would take an awful lot of argument to get me to support Sunday racing and less to support night racing, but I'm generally opposed to them."

Still, most California horsemen believe that ultimately the state will approve both. If Brown wants to increase tax revenues from racing (and what governor doesn't?), it is conceivable that next year Santa Anita and Hollywood will each get 75 days and Del Mar 55.

On a visit to Santa Anita last week to watch his leased Kentucky-bred Bold Bidder easily win Saturday's \$134,500 Charles H. Strub Stakes, Lexington Breeder John Gaines agreed with the local horsemen that there is not enough California racing to sustain an economical breeding industry. He also said something Rex Ellsworth has long insisted upon. "Good horses can be bred anywhere." Then, with an immodest flourish, Gaines added, "But you've got to be where your sires are, and now that's Kentucky. If, on the other hand, Han-

cock, Combs and I took all our stallions out of Kentucky to some other place, the whole picture of Kentucky breeding would change overnight."

One scene that has changed drastically, if not overnight, is that of the once-famous Ellsworth empire. Speaking for Ellsworth (who is off on another huying mission, this time to Australia), Tenney claimed that the stable's current decline has been caused by a combination of circumstances. Nearly one entire crop was lost through virus abortion. Khalef got older, the truly promising stallion Nigromante died suddenly, and his replacements, Toulouse Lautrec and Prince Royal, are not yet established. One Ellsworth critic does not let the cowboy team off so easily. "They've had bad luck, sure, but also bad management. They still have the material there, and if they ever got smart they'd kill us all. What sort of management is it when your trainer is away on roundup until a week before Santa Anita opens, instead of getting his horses ready to run?"

To which Tenney answers, "Roundup is just as much a part of my life as training, and it always will be. I'd say that what has hurt us, in addition to bad luck, is that we have so many horses we have to sell. Any time you sell it is bound to have an effect on the stable."

Be that as it may, Ellsworth and Tenney do not promise to set the world afire again for a while. Their best 3-year-olds, Vague Image and Embassy, do not appear to be a threat to Seber Mountain or to the three tall Cal-breds (incidentally) who finished behind him in the San Vicente: Ri Tux, Wingover and Triple Tux. Among others who may show to a better advantage when asked to go around two turns in the mile-and-a-sixteenth San Felipe on February 22 are Hill Clown, Targum, Fleet Shoe and, of course, Port Wine, who has yet to be beaten in six California starts.

In the meantime all California racing interests can be thankful that if this is not the year of outstanding California horses, it may yet be the year they get legislative help with their problems. In the words of the Stanford Research report, the aim of the governor and his influential horse racing board should be to foster "a more soundly structured industry, higher quality of horses and greater financial health."

END

have the attractiveness and the facilities to lead the country's tracks in attendance and average mutual handle. But their limited seasons, separated by two months in the spring and five months in the fall and winter, deprive horsemen of the incentive to plow money back into local breeding programs. The easier and more profitable way for a California owner who pops up with a top homebred is to sell him where the ready money is. "A man would be a fool," says one horseman, "to stand a horse in California for \$2,500 if he can stand him in Kentucky for \$10,000."

Recently the Stanford Research Institute was paid \$195,000 by various racing groups to turn out an 850-page survey reporting pretty much what racing people knew in the first place. It announced that of the 569 California racing days in 1964, at 19 meetings of Thoroughbreds, quarter horses and harness horses, only 51.8% of the days were allocated to Thoroughbred meetings. These, in turn, generated 75.6% of all the pari-mutuel wagering. In addition, the California

WHERE THE BOYS WENT

Each year the pro football leagues tap the reservoir of college talent, conducting separate drafts for rights to the top players. Selections are made in reverse order of team standings, round after high-tension round. This season's draft was followed by fancy and conflicting claims of success. From this chart the reader can tell where the boys went in the crucial first 10 rounds and decide for himself who won—and lost

	NFL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
FALCONS	Nels, Texas Johnson, Tex. A&M	Rivas, ND Jones, Bowling Gr.	Dennis, Miss Sheridan, ND	Reaves, Va. St. Aubrey, Kent St.	Wash, ND Kahn, N. Tex.	Casoy, Fla Johnson, U. of So.	Goss, Tulare	Sanders, N. Tex.	Bender, Ark		
RAVENS	Black, Mich.	Garratt, USC	Tyson, Tulsa	Dyers, Grading	Talbert, Texas* Arndt, Idaho*	Anderson, W. Mich. Youngblood, L.A. St.	Edwards, Whiteh.	Marshall, Neb. St.	Capshaw, Abil. Che.		
STEELERS	Leftridge, W. Va.	Gagne, Fla.	Kilborn, Syracuse			Boyer, Md. St.		Stewart, Pitt.	Nelson, Wyo.*		
EAGLES	Bentler, Ind.	Pellagru, Stanford	Hawkins, Ark. St.	Enosaul, Tenn.	Berry, Cal.*	Shanley, Memphis Tom, S. Jose St.*		Todd, Ball St.	Conrad, Tulsa		
COWBOYS	Noland, Iowa	Townes, Tulsa			Garrison, Okla. St.	Dudley, W. Va. Red's, Fla. A&M	Kand, Penn. St.	Ellen, W. Va. Tech.	Mychell, Wash.		
REDSKINS	Gogolak, Princeton	Barnes, Neb.	Barringtons, OSU	Clay, Miss.	Lemay, Vanderbilt	Yates, Duke	Peterson, Ga.*	Shircliff, Fla. St.	Bellar, Ark. A&M		
VIKINGS	Shay, Purdue	Ludney, Ark.	Hansen, Ill.	Adas, Ill.	Davis, Ky. Hart, Brown	Aylor, SW Tex. Hearn, Mass.		Green, N. Dak.			
CARDINALS	McAdams, Okla.	Lucas, Mich. St.	Long, Iowa	Stook, Iowa	Clancy, Mich.*	Van Gilder, Ia. St.* Atterbaugh, Ga.*		Couch, Cal.*	Bryant, Allen	Ringer, Okla.	
LIONS	Eddy, ND*		McIntosh, Ind.	Weston, OSU Walker, Tenn. A&M	Cody, Auburn	De Sutter, W. Ill.	Bellman, Tenn. A&M	Prussing, Va.	Conahan, Ark.*	Yates, Auburn Brigham, Wa.	
GIANTS	Pray, Mo.	Davis, L.A. St.	Fisher, Texas*		Biggs, Iowa	Harris, Texas	Harper, Duke St. Morton, Kans. St.	White, Neb.	Smith, USC		

49ERS

Hirshman, Miss. Windsor, Ky.*

Bradish, Iowa
Bard, Miss. St.

Phillips, N. C. A&T
Smith, Mich.†

Jackson, Louisiana

Wicker, UCLA

Klause, Minn.

Strada, Utah St.

BEARS

Rice, LSU

Parker, Va.*
Jackson, Fla.
Balfone, Louisville

Brewster, BYU†
McFar, Tenn. A&I

Myer, S. D. St.
McFalls, Ga.

Gresham, Ariz.*

Burnett, Ark.

PACKERS

Gabowski, Ill.
Coffman, Minn.

Reese, S. Iowa St.
Jeffer, Neb.

Schultz, SD
Faulford, Auburn*

Baile, So. U.
Hauglin, Pitt

Talaga, NO

Gregory, Chicago*
L'Heure, NW La.

BROWNS

Maria, Mass.

Norton, Ky.

Quinlan, NO*

Baile, So. U.
Hauglin, Pitt

Talaga, NO

Gregory, Chicago*
L'Heure, NW La.

COLTS

Bell, Ky.

Kelmer, Ky.

Sherman, USC*
Granger, Miss. St.

Baile, So. U.
Hauglin, Pitt

Talaga, NO

Gregory, Chicago*
L'Heure, NW La.

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HAPPINESS IS A HIPPO STEAK

For years Billy Casper plodded along pained by sinus, backaches, muscle spasms and a bulging waistline. Now, thanks to an exotic diet, he has the health and figure to match his golfing genius

by EDWIN SHRAKE



Having consumed eight celery stalks smeared with caviar, a bag of potato chips and a handful of grapes grown in the organic manner—without the use of chemical fertilizer or noxious sprays—Billy Casper, who has won more money at professional golf than any man in history save Arnold Palmer, was ready to have his dinner. From the kitchen of his motel suite came the crackle of a duck roasting in a deep steel skillet, fired of necessity by electric coils, since gas heat affects Casper like poison. For some reason the duck smelled as if it had been seasoned by a wizard chef, but Shirley

Casper had put only salt on it. No fancy sauces for her husband. They give him headaches and other unpleasant physical reactions. So does sitting on a foam-rubber couch, playing golf in Florida, eating a honeydew melon and driving through Akron, Ohio. Those things, where Casper is concerned, are simply not healthy, and without his health a professional golfer is like an opera singer with laryngitis.

As side dishes for dinner on this same evening the Caspers had a choice among Jerusalem artichokes, avocado, lettuce, radishes and parsnips. All were grown

organically on a farm in Vista, Calif., and delivered that day in crates to the motel in Carmel where Billy was staying during the Crosby pro-am. Dessert could be, if Billy wished, rice cakes and honey washed down with a cup of herb tea. In other crates, shipped by a Chicago supplier, were cuts of buffalo, bear, hippopotamus, venison, rabbit and elk, meats that were selected for their variety. The Caspers believe that, ideally, no victual should be eaten more often than every third or fourth day. As Shirley Casper, a small, attractive woman wearing a gold watch that hung from her wrist as if she



SHIRLEY CASPER, WHOSE COOKING HAS TAKEN A BIZARRE TURN, SERVES UP DINNER IN MOTEL ROOM

had borrowed it from a fat friend, began to set the table, a squirrel appeared on the limb of an oak tree outside the kitchen, looked in the window and then, perhaps recognizing itself as a potential meal, dashed off. The evening before, Billy Casper had eaten an entire rabbit, except for one piece that went to Shirley and one to a visitor. Although he is 50 pounds lighter than he was a year and a half ago (see cover), Casper eats almost three times as much as he did then. And he ignores calories. The difference is he now eats foods that do not weary him, sicken him, fatten

him or provoke him to shout at people.

"Now if anything bothers me I can handle it in a way that doesn't make me look like a jerk," Casper said. He was sitting in the living room of the suite with his shoes off. He had just finished a round of the Crosby, and by his standards had not played well. "Two years ago you'd never have seen me after a round like this," he said. "I'd be slamming clubs and jumping up and down."

"He used to get awfully grouchy," Shirley Casper had said earlier. "He was all right when he first woke up in the

morning. I'd hear him singing in the shower. Then he'd have a big breakfast of eggs, bacon, toast, milk and orange juice and we'd start to the course. As we drove along I could feel him getting depressed. He'd begin complaining about having to play golf and say he wished he had some other occupation."

"It was terrible," said Billy. "By the time I got to the first tee, all I wanted to do was go to sleep. I was grumpy and fidgety. Everything on the course bothered me. I was using up a big bottle of aspirin every few weeks. I was always sick. If the flu came anywhere in the

continued

WHAT BILLY EATS IN A WEEK

MONDAY

Breakfast: Pancakes, fruit, toast
Lunch: Beef, eggs, French fries
Dinner: Chicken, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories
Tuesday: Beef, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories
Wednesday: Beef, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories
Thursday: Beef, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories
Friday: Beef, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories
Saturday: Beef, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories
Sunday: Beef, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories

TUESDAY

Breakfast: Oatmeal with fruit
Lunch: Beef, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Dinner: Chicken, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: Pancakes, fruit, toast
Lunch: Beef, eggs, French fries
Dinner: Chicken, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories

THURSDAY

Breakfast: Pancakes, fruit, toast
Lunch: Beef, eggs, French fries
Dinner: Chicken, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories

FRIDAY

Breakfast: Pancakes, fruit, toast
Lunch: Beef, eggs, French fries
Dinner: Chicken, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories

SATURDAY

Breakfast: Pancakes, fruit, toast
Lunch: Beef, eggs, French fries
Dinner: Chicken, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories

SUNDAY

Breakfast: Pancakes, fruit, toast
Lunch: Beef, eggs, French fries
Dinner: Chicken, potatoes, green beans, carrots, applesauce
Snack: Ice cream
Dessert: Fruit
Total: 2,500 calories

neighborhood, I got it. But the depression was the worst thing. That's the worst form of illness there is. I never really came to the point where I wanted to jump out a window, but if I had continued the way I was I might have."

It is said that inside every fat man is a thin man fighting to get out. Although vestiges remain—a bag of flesh below the chin, a slight bulge at the waist—the thin man in Casper has made it. His appearance is so different that to old friends he is all but impossible to recognize on a golf course. He may be no better golfer than when he was fat and unhappy, but his changed shape and his altered mood are getting him the kind of attention from the public that he has long gotten from his peers. The attitudes he used to display on the course, the scowls, the gloom, the sulks, made it seem that he did not enjoy what he was doing, and the public, not knowing Casper was sick, refused to make a hero of him. Galleries treated him with respectful apathy, appreciating that he was good in his business but not caring to watch him. Instead they swarmed around Palmer, Nicklaus, Player and Lemna, all of whom appeared more human, more capable of joy and sorrow rather than mere pettishness.

Casper trudged along beset by headaches, sinus, backaches, muscle spasms, irascibility and a ponderous belly. He was cheerful at times, but more often dour. He kept at the game as at a chore, and he won tournaments, including the U.S. Open in 1959. But most of the stories that were written about him referred either to his putting or his stomach. "He's a nice, fat young player," Cary Middlecoff said in introducing Casper at a clinic in 1957.

Fans thought of Casper as a large, rumpled man whose shirt—and stomach—fell over his belt. Casper did not admit that such descriptions worried him, but he tried several diets, resorting more than once to starvation. He would lose 10 pounds and then gain them back. "He ate a lot of junk," says his friend Bob Reynolds, co-owner of the California Angels. "He was a candy bar man on the golf course, he would have a banana split when he came in and he would wind up at a soda fountain before the day was over." The eating was Casper's way to cope with his nervousness and irritability.

When Casper was through playing a

tournament round it was not his habit to put it up in the clubhouse with the other pros. He would go back to the motel with Shirley. Not only did he not socialize with his associates, he beat them regularly, which did not make him their darling. They called him a loner or worse.

Even then, in his blue period, Casper was in splendid financial condition. Bill Casper Enterprises, Inc., in which Casper, Shirley and Shirley's mother are officers and consider themselves a team, prospered with endorsements and tournament paychecks. It was an oddity for

Billy to finish out of the money. (In 12 years as a pro he has won \$471,999.17 in official money, second to Palmer's \$643,982.17, and has thus averaged \$39,333 per year, a fact that seldom fails to surprise golf fans, for they rarely comprehend what a fine and consistent player Casper is. In 1965 he won pro golf's award for consistency, the Vardon Trophy, by averaging 70.586 strokes per round in tournament play. In the past six years he has won three Vardon trophies, averaging 70.366, the best Vardon record on the tour.) But Casper, then 32, was tired of marching his 225 pounds around



THE NEW CASPER OUTLINES THE OLD

After 18 months on his nonallergic diet, Casper's waistline has shrunk from 40 to the size of models above, to 34. Along with his loss of 50 pounds, his shirt collar has gone from 13 to 12½, his sun visor from 40 long 30-40 regular, his sweater size from 46 to 42, his sport-shirt size from extra large 30 large and his sock size from 12 to 11. Casper has bought three new wardrobes in that period, but now thinks he will weigh in permanently at 175 pounds.

golf courses, and Shirley was not much better off herself. She weighed 140 pounds, far too heavy for her 5-foot-3 frame. She had edema, a swelling of the feet and ankles. Doctors told her that her dizziness was an inner-ear ailment, she had migraine headaches and she got sick when she and Casper had to fly to a tournament. Their 9-year-old son Billy had a rare hypo-gamma-globulin anemia and had to have shots every two weeks. He was a slow student, was hypersensitive and jumpy, had convulsions and fevers. Outwardly the Caspers seemed to be doing very well. The reality was something else.

At the Masters in 1964 Casper was having his usual attacks of sinus, exhaustion and despair. Shirley described his ailments and her own to a friend, who suggested they visit Dr. Theron G. Randolph, a Chicago allergist and internist. She put it off, but finally she went with her three children to Dr. Randolph for a week of tests that revealed enough allergies to fill a medical dictionary. A few days later Casper decided to see Dr. Randolph. The doctor began by asking what foods he ate most frequently, and then started testing. The initial results so astonished Casper that he still looks shocked when he remembers "Breakfast was killing me," he says. "Three of the things I was allergic to were eggs, wheat and citrus—exactly what I ate for breakfast every morning of my life."

Those foods, of course, vanished from the Casper menu. He began to feel better but then had a relapse, which is typical with allergies. Once the initial allergy is neutralized, other allergies mysteriously show up. Casper went through three relapses, each time returning to Chicago for treatment and losing more foods from his approved list. Chocolate and beans went out, then lamb, chicken, apples, melons, butter and other dairy products—a succession of the foods he had been eating. Eventually Dr. Randolph discovered that Casper also was allergic to certain chemicals and petroleum products. Golf courses in Florida are sprayed heavily because of fungus and insects, so Casper will not play in Florida while that allergy lasts. Akron is called the Rubber Capital and the smoke of its factories is thick with chemical residue. Goodbye American Golf Classic. No plastic, no foam, no gas heat for the Caspers.

The family began a fantastic recovery. Shirley lost 25 pounds, her edema and dizziness disappeared, her sunglasses no longer fit, her dress size changed from 11 to 6. Son Billy's anemia went away, his disposition improved, his grades shot up. Casper's weight dropped, his head cleared and his useless anger left him.

As the Caspers got healthier, their problems of living on the tour increased. Because of Dr. Randolph's theory in such cases that no major element in the diet—especially meat—should be eaten more often than every third or fourth day, the Caspers had to carry a large assortment of foods and receive weekly shipments from the farm in Vista and from Corner Foods, Inc. in Chicago. In the workings of Bill Casper Enterprises, Inc. it is Billy's job to play golf and win money and Shirley's job to cook—Shirley's mother cares for the Casper children. Shirley keeps records of meals to avoid repetition. She uses only steel cookware because she believes aluminum expands with heat and food particles get into the pores to be released into the next night's dinner. When possible the Caspers try to stay with friends along the tour, but if they must check into a motel they insist on electric heat and air conditioning, and no foam rubber in pillows, mattresses or couches. Shirley has such an allergy to gas heat that recently, when she went with friends to the *jas alai* *fútbol* in Tijuana, she passed out during the second game. It was then discovered that the *fútbol* was warmed by gas. The Casper home in San Diego, a manse on three acres of ground that once belonged to the Spreckels sugar family, is furnished entirely of wood, cotton and wool materials—and the heat is not gas.

Eating in restaurants, though, is not as much of a problem as might be supposed. The Caspers save their beef and fish nights for dining out. In a restaurant they may order sliced avocado, a baked potato with olive oil, shrimp cocktail with no sauce and a beefsteak seasoned with salt. "If we have any difficulty explaining to the waiter that we want no sauce or seasonings we leave, because we know the chef will foul it up," Shirley says. "Also I test Billy's food so that if there is anything wrong it will make me sick rather than him. He's the one who has to play golf."

"We are not health food addicts. We eat game and organic vegetables for vari-

ety and taste—elk tastes like gummy beef, bear like pork, buffalo like beef—and for our own well-being. We like buffalo best, then bear, venison and elk. We do shop at health food stores, because we can buy purer foods there. Foods in grocery stores have too many additives. About the only things we can buy in a grocery store are soap and paper towels."

Shirley can tell immediately in the morning if her husband is free of allergies. On the day of the final round of the San Diego Open last month Billy awoke with clear eyes—a good sign—and went to the Stardust Country Club, where rain and strong winds were wrecking scores. Casper shot a 64, one of the finest rounds of golf he has ever played, and won the tournament. "If the physical self is ideal you don't feel mental stress," says Shirley. "You can't separate the body from the mind. Leaving luck out, Billy is capable of winning every tournament he plays. I knew he would win at San Diego that day. There was something about his method, his deliberateness that told me Billy's like all men in that he hates to be told he's sick. He thinks it's an indication of weakness. He used to get mad when I'd tell him, 'Billy, you're acting allergic today.' But now he smiles. If he starts getting depressed and irritable, I realize it's the allergies, so I follow him along like a puppy dog and wait for them to go away."

Casper began playing golf at the age of 5, hacked around a three-hole course on his grandfather's ranch in New Mexico, and by the time he was 12 began to show some precocity for the game. He stayed a semester and a half at Notre Dame on a golf scholarship, quit because of the cold weather and joined the Navy during the Korean war. "I made several crossings," he says, "on the San Diego ferry." He operated Navy driving ranges and golf courses for four years in the San Diego area, and after his discharge he was sponsored on the tour by two San Diego businessmen. By then he had married Shirley.

When Casper went on the tour he had three goals—to win money, to win a tournament and to win a major championship. He won money—\$33.33—in his first tournament, won an event, the LaBatt Open in Quebec after 13 months, and won the U.S. Open in 1959. The Open victory changed him as a golfer.

Continued

THE EXCITING NEW IDEAS COME FROM ZENITH

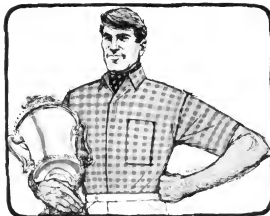


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CASPER *continued*

Before that, when other players spoke of Casper, it was to commend his putting, with the implication that putting was all he could do.

"They were pretty much correct," he says. "I used to rely on my putting and chipping to score. But after I won the Open I began to work harder and learn the game. I'm a conservative player. I try to keep the ball in play and save shots. If Palmer hits it in the woods, he's liable to go for the green through a small opening. Not me. I hit it back into the fairway unless there's a very good reason not to and a large margin for error."

Casper does not believe in labor on the practice tee, except to improve his timing after a layoff. "I hit 40 to 60 balls to warm up before I play, but I can't see the need to do more than that," he says. "If you are playing six times a week and not hitting any shots too poorly, that's enough practice. You can lose your game hitting 150 practice balls. But I do work on putting, maybe more than anybody else on the tour. In San Diego I practiced putting at least an hour after every round. Still, I changed my putting stance last year from a wide one to a narrow one and then back again, and I used two different putters in the first two tournaments this year. [The latest is an offset putter with a long heavy blade that he calls his "tire iron."] I stroke the ball with overspin, but the real secret to putting is touch—sensitive hands. That is why you see some surgeons who are great putters." Most of his contemporaries spend hours in golf shops honing and shaping their equipment, altering lofts and weights. Not Casper. "I'm not a clubmaker," he laughs. "About all I can do is add a strip of lead tape to my putter and sometimes I don't get that right."

There is more to Casper than golf, certainly, and as Billy began to cure his allergies a parallel course was developing in his life. Some time ago he and Shirley went to Salt Lake City for an exhibition and met a number of Mormons. "We noticed there was something special about them," says Shirley. "They had fellowship without having to have a blast. Bill was never comfortable around wild parties. He avoided them, which is one reason he didn't get much publicity, since people seem to expect golfers to be such Jet Setters. Eventually, I asked the Mormons to send missionaries to talk to

continued

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Photographed at the Bermuda Dunes Country Club, Palm Springs, Calif. See the Bob Hope Desert Classic, sponsored by Chrysler, on NBC-TV.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. & Trad. Office.



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MUSTANG



us. They did, and I could see Bill getting intrigued."

Casper has never been a drinker. Only wine and champagne, and those in vintages before chemical spraying became common. Nor has he ever smoked. (Coincidentally, the Caspers say, cigarettes can have apples in their formulas, just as pills and toothpaste sometimes have a corn base—things people like the Caspers inquire about.) His relaxations are fishing, about which he is very serious, bridge, golf with friends, and the San Diego Chargers, who give him a seat on the bench during home games. "So many people think you have to go to a party and get drunk to have fun," Billy says. "But the Mormons enjoy each other without getting plastered. Meeting a Mormon is like meeting an old friend."

On January 1 of this year Hack Miller, sports editor of the *Deseret News* in Salt Lake City, baptized the Casper family into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—a church, it so happens, whose advice in some areas conforms to the nutrition rules laid down by Dr. Randolph for Casper. "Bill is more purposeful now," Shirley says. "He is not just gloomg for money. He has a deeper meaning to his life."

It has been almost six years since Billy Casper won his U.S. Open. He has been chasing the very best for a long time, and now, with his new figure and his new attitude, he is presenting his biggest challenge to the regime of Nicklaus, Palmer and Player. But, win or lose, it is a different Casper. In March, after playing in the Philippines Open, Billy will go with Tony Lema to Vietnam to put on exhibitions and clinics for the troops. "It's a sort of debt," he said as he sat down to the duck dinner in his Carmel motel. "I've been blessed by my talent as a golfer. This is my way to put something back into the game." The crates were stacked in the corner of the kitchen and the windows were open to a dark sky and a clean ocean wind. To Casper, who has not had more than six aspirin in a year and a half, whose sinus and backaches have vanished along with most of his belly, who no longer arrives at the golf course feeling as if he had been chewing on goat fur, and who is at last becoming recognized outside the tight little society of the PGA, most everything he does these days seems a blessing.

END



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A KNOCKOUT OF A CHAMPION

by REX LARDNER

Funny thing about Steve Vehslage, squash player. Bump into him and he is likely to pass out, kerplunk. No one can figure out why, but it does not prevent Vehslage from being the best of the amateurs

Steve Vehslage is a frank, engaging young man of 26 who is currently the national amateur squash champion and who, if he can remain conscious long enough, is a favorite to retain that title next week in New York. The problem is staying conscious. Vehslage has a tendency to pass out when bumped in the area of the head and shoulders. Since a squash court is only slightly larger than a playpen and since both players try to maintain a position in the approximate center of the court, the bumps are frequent.

Vehslage has been knocked out at least 25 times in the past eight years while playing squash. His period of unconsciousness lasts about two minutes, and is followed by a daze during which, as he says, he is about three-quarters conscious and can hear the excited murmurs of the audience. This lasts for about two more minutes. Then he hops to his feet, takes a few deep breaths and signals he is ready to resume play. Vehslage has never suffered the slightest aftereffect from these journeys into unconsciousness, and sometimes they almost help him. Squash players as a genre are the most courteous and considerate of athletes—the court would be pretty bloody if they weren't—and occasionally Steve's opponents, from guilt, loss of concentration or a flood of relief that he is not dead, proceed to drop the next two or three points.

Certain players knock out Vehslage more than others. Just this season Charlie Ulford, ranked fifth nationally, knocked him out in the New York state tournament. Bob Hetherington, a Yale

alumnus who is now a divinity student at Harvard, knocked him out in the Gold Racquet Invitational. Colin Adair of McGill University, one of the best players in Canada, has knocked him out several times—almost each time they have met. Colin is very sturdy and has eyes, Vehslage says, mainly for the ball, a positive way of saying that he plays squash with the enthusiasm of a middle line-backer. Steve's older brother, Ramsay, who is a fine doubles player, has knocked him out while they were partners in doubles.

Most of Vehslage's opponents are aware of his condition, but occasionally Steve plays someone who is not. A few weeks ago he was playing a young man at the Yale Club in New York during the lunch hour. Unaware of his opponent's tendency to swoon, the young man was aghast when he ran into Steve while chasing a ball and saw Steve collapse. "The poor fellow thought he had killed me," Vehslage recalls. "He burst out of the room to get a doctor. I came to and found nobody in the court, so I went to the locker room to look for him. Meanwhile, he came back to the court with three doctors he had found in the club and was even more shocked to find the court empty. Finally I returned and explained to him it was an old habit with me."

Vehslage accepts all this with remarkable good humor. Last month, after he had beaten Sam Howe, a former national champion, in the quarter-final of the North American Open in Detroit, Vehslage remarked casually that he hadn't "pulled my act in this tournament



SPREAD-EAGLED ON THE COURT, VEHSLAGE



IS OUT COLO AFTER COLLISION WITH A BEWILDERED OPPONENT, WHO LOOKS FOR HELP

yet." Although they have played each other since they were children, Howe has never knocked Vehslage out, either as an opponent or as a doubles partner. Vehslage expressed satisfaction that Adair was not in his half of the draw. Referring to the Canadian's desire to reach and strike the ball despite obstacles, Vehslage surmised that Adair would have kept him unconscious throughout their match.

Vehslage has been to dozens of doctors in an effort to determine what causes these spells, and everything has come up negative. There are only two reasons, doctors have told him, for unconsciousness: convulsion or syncope (fainting)—the latter caused by a decrease in the blood available to the brain. He has taken batteries of tests—electroencephalograms, neurological tests, tests to determine his sensitivity to heat and color. While it has not been discovered why these blackouts occur, doctors have assured him of two things: that he has not suffered any damage from the lapses into unconsciousness and that the lapses themselves are not growing worse. The only unpleasant effect he seems to suffer is the embarrassment of finding himself on his back staring at the ceiling.

Vehslage knows exactly how his problem began. A soccer player from the time he was in the first grade in Haverford, Pa., he "met heads" with an opposing player in a high school soccer game and was knocked out briefly. Later he underwent a thorough medical examination, but no damage seemed to have been done. However, it kept happening—and happening.

Because he was a center halfback, Vehslage often had to head the ball away from the goal mouth. When, in leaping for the ball, he bumped heads with an opponent instead, out he would go. Playing soccer at Princeton in 1958, 1959 and 1960, it got so that when the ball hit his head he would succumb. His soccer coach devised a special headgear made of leather and soft rubber to protect him from getting knocked out by the ball. Since collegiate soccer players are not supposed to wear helmets for fear of injuring unhelmeted players, Vehslage had to obtain permission from the coach of the opposing team before each game to don the helmet. Once, when the Yale coach refused permission, Vehslage was so incensed that, bareheaded, he played the best

continued

game of his college career and stayed conscious throughout.

Despite his predilection for passing out on the soccer field, he was selected to the All-Ivy League soccer team his junior and senior years, and in his senior year received honorable mention on the All-America team. In that year, thanks mainly to his heading skills away from the goal, Princeton won the Ivy League championship.

Vehslage also played a good deal of squash at Princeton. He had both a natural aptitude for the game and a propitious background. His father was an avid player, and the family lived next door to the Merion Cricket Club, the Yankee Stadium of squash. Both the Vehslage brothers and the Howe brothers (Sam's brother Ralph was national champion in 1964) played a great deal together on the Cricket Club courts and, when they were 15, Sam and Steve became the youngest team to play in the national doubles, beating the Pennsylvania state champions to get there. Steve became the only player to win the national junior title three years straight and, while at Princeton, the intercollegiate championship three times. He also

played very good tennis and was a member of a team of American court tennis players that toured Europe in 1960, competing against the best European collegians. In his senior year at Princeton he won the William Winstan Roper Trophy (along with Hugh C. Scott of Wellesley, Mass.) for high scholastic rank, good sportsmanship and general proficiency in athletics.

Now married and an account executive for IBM in New York, Vehslage runs somewhat warily around the reservoir at Central Park (it is right across from his apartment on Fifth Avenue), does wind sprints inside a squash court and plays squash half an hour a day to get in shape for next week's nationals. He usually rides a bicycle to work, chaining it to a parking sign behind the Racquet and Tennis Club, where he plays most of his squash and court tennis. His wife, April, sees him play most of his squash games, showing little trepidation—perhaps because the first time she saw him he was laid out flat on the Princeton soccer field. "That's your date," pointed out the unfeeling mutual friend who was to introduce them. She recalls that Steve was ashy-pale when

they met but that the date was a success.

April was most worried about him when, shortly after their marriage, he was horsing around with a friend on a dock in a lake near Charleson, Mich. The friend gave him a push, Steve blacked out and April, noticing how he fell into the water, shouted that he was unconscious and was likely to drown. He had indeed blacked out, but the friend jumped into the water and hauled him out.

For the first few years after his graduation, Vehslage played very erratic squash. He won a few major tournaments, such as the Harry Cowles and the New York state, but he always did less than was expected of him in the nationals, never getting past the quarter-finals. He had a tendency to become over tense, and this led to fatigue, which in turn caused him to pile up errors. Finally the most outspoken of the professionals, Jim Tully of Philadelphia, informed him that his backhand was awful. Vehslage was willing to learn, so Tully spent weeks with him to correct it. He had Vehslage get ready sooner, bring his racket back earlier and hit the ball flatter and therefore harder. By constant practice, Vehslage improved the shot so that it became as strong as his forehand. With a relatively mediocre season record behind him, in January of last year he entered the Merion Cricket Club singles, found he could hit the ball hard and accurately off both sides and won. He was not even seeded in the nationals the following month and therefore was completely relaxed, feeling he did not have the slightest chance of winning. On top of that, he was weak from a bout of flu, and on the day the matches started he could not sneeze because of laryngitis. Steve won his first match, then beat Colin Adair, got a welcome default from former champion Henri Salauin, beat two more players and found himself in the finals. On the morning of the final against Vic Niederhoffer he noted happily that his laryngitis had cleared up. Niederhoffer won the first game, but soon Vehslage began winning points with powerful cross-court forehands deep in the corner to Niederhoffer's backhand. He darted about the court with great agility, survived numerous collisions without passing out and swept the next three games. When he won the last game 15-8 for his first national title, a roar went up from the gallery. He was champion, and he was on his feet.



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TURBOPROP TO A GLACIER

BY FRED R. SMITH

MICHEL ZIEGLER PROVES THAT FLYING TO THE TOP OF A GLACIER IN A SINGLE-ENGINE PLANE AND THEN SKIING 15 MILES DOWN NOT ONLY IS THE NEWEST THRILL IN SKIING BUT IS SAFER THAN TAKING THE LIFT

CONTINUED

Spring had come to Chamonix. The skiers' favorite restaurant, the Choucas, where one could scarcely get a table at Easter, was closed, and so was the jumping Bavouac discothèque. The only sounds coming from the casino were the whispers of spinning wheels, spun idly by croupiers with no one to bet. The ski instructors (*moniteurs*) in knickers and hobnailed boots gathered on the corner by the school to talk of summer climbs or the tragic avalanche on the Zugspitze. Only a handful of die-hards remained at the Hôtel de Paris, the sedately comfortable skiers' hotel. Most had come to ski the Vallée Blanche, Europe's highest run, after snow had gone from lower places. I had come to fly with Michel Ziegler to some remote mountain to ski a glacier with Yves Blatté, a friend who gave up a career as a petroleum engineer to combine the best of two worlds, working in winter as a *moniteur* and mountain guide in Courchevel and in summer at his own beach establishment, down the coast from Saint-Tropez.

At a little before 6 the morning after we arrived in Chamonix, Blatté knocked at my door, and we went to my window to look at the day. The river gurgled below, filled with the brown silt of May's melted glacier snows. The sky was opalescent and the majestic bulk of Mont Blanc loomed pink in a cloudless sunrise. "We'll fly," said Yves.

We dressed and went across the street to the Hôtel Suisse for coffee and a croissant. All along the road to Le Fayet, Chamonix's airport, the glaciers on each side seemed poised to crash into the valley below. We stopped at a roadside *épicerie* for provisions—Savoie sausage, a round of Reblochon, a liter of red wine, some Tobler chocolate bars. Janine Bloch, of Air-Alpes, was waiting at the field, her "office" the fender of her Renault station wagon. While we were pouring the wine into Yves' wineskin, the Air-Alpes Pilatus dived down, power off, whining shrilly, at head height over the field. It swooped into a chandelle before landing and stopped within 300 yards of touchdown.

Michel Ziegler jumped out to help us secure our skis and Yves' pack, the 25 pounds of gear carried by every glacier guide: ice ax, crampons, ropes, tarpaulin, a metal tip for a broken ski, and a device that joins two skis into a sled which could carry an injured skier off a mountain.

"There's too much wind on the Dôme du Goûter," Ziegler said. "At least 40 knots." He had checked it on his flight over from Courchevel. For most glacier landings, 10 knots is the maximum wind. This was disappointing news. The Dôme du Goûter is a broad shoulder, only 1,600 feet beneath Mont Blanc's magnificent head and, at 14,100 feet, the highest point to which Ziegler flies his clients. From there you can climb Mont Blanc in an hour and a half—if you have never smoked in your life and have done your deep knee bends—and then ski all the way down through valleys of green-blue serac ice to the top of the *Aiguille du Plan téléférique*.

My disappointment was tempered, I will confess, by what I had learned of the Dôme du Goûter the day I first met Michel Ziegler at Courchevel. The Dôme is not

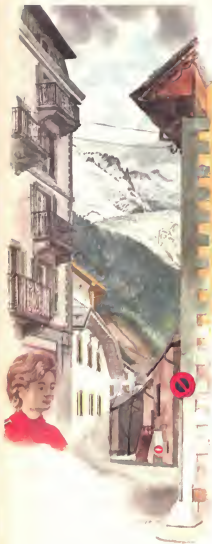
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PAINTINGS BY BOULAB GORBLINE

WHEN THE WEATHER AND THE SNOWS ARE GOOD, ZIEGLER DEPOSITS A GROUP ON A GLACIER EVERY HALF HOUR







only the highest place he lands, but the toughest ski down. And one of Ziegler's airplanes is buried in its snows. Blatgé and I had stopped after a morning's ski on the Saulire to join Ziegler for lunch at Courchevel's altiport. Planes on skis were taking off and landing on the sharply inclined packed-snow runway, bringing new arrivals up from Geneva, taking children on tours around Mont Blanc or skiers over to La Plagne or Megève for the day. In the April sun girls were lunching outdoors in ski pants and bikini tops. The chef sang along with Renata Tebaldi's *Tosca*, playing on the kitchen radio. Martine Ziegler, Michel's beautiful blonde wife, brought us steak, *pommes frites* and a carafe of Beaujolais, and the whole scene was so pleasantly, cosily comfortable that climbing into a single-engine airplane and flying up to some crevassing and perhaps avalanching billion-year-old river of ice seemed not only a perfectly sensible but, indeed, the only thing to do.

The ceiling of the airport restaurant was papered with precisely detailed relief maps, showing all the glaciers from the Mont Blanc massif to Alpe d'Huez. "Here is the Dôme de Chasseforêt," Michel told me. "I could land a Boeing up there." Then Blatgé took over. "You walk for about half an hour up to the Refuge Felix-Faure, then there is a beautiful tour for two hours ending at Pralognan for lunch." There were 12 different Xs on the charts, marking spots where Ziegler has landed his turbo-powered Pilatus Porter, and leading from them, snaking down the ice-blue contour lines, there were ski tours of from 12 to 18 miles.

"And here's the Dôme du Goûter," said Michel, "my highest landing place. My first Pilatus is still up there. It was in 1960 and my first solo glacier landing." Until this point I had not thought it polite to ask about accidents.

At 31, Ziegler has been a licensed pilot for half his lifetime. His father, Henri Ziegler, is a pioneer of French aviation, formerly a director of Air France and now head of Breguet, the company that has made France's fighting planes since World War I. Henri Ziegler instilled his own love for flying and for mountains in his son. The family climbed and skied the Saulire in Courchevel long before the first lifts were built there. Michel was a paratrooper in the Algerian war and, to learn English, worked for Air France in London afterward.

Convinced that the new frontier for aviation is in the mountains, where surface transportation is so arduous even for short distances, he then went to learn the secrets of mountain flying from Hermann Geiger, the famous Swiss glacier pilot. "Geiger made it seem easy," Michel said. "He picked the snow and the *pluie*, and he knew the wind. It seemed so simple that I suppose I became wildly overconfident. After 40 landings with Geiger, I was ready to land on my own. It had to be on the Dôme. Robert Merloz, my partner, and I took off from Geneva one morning and headed straight for Mont Blanc. The wind was gentle, the snow smooth and our landing perfect. We had a Lycoming piston engine on that first Pilatus, and I was afraid to shut off power in that high, thin air. We got out and walked around, throwing snowballs in our elation, then

climbed back in and started downhill for the takeoff. The engine quit before we were airborne. The right ski went on the first crevasse, the left on the next and the whole damned undercarriage on the third. Merloz and I skied our way down to Chamonix, leaving a \$100,000 airplane on the Dôme du Goûter. Since Mont Blanc glaciers move about a foot and a half a day, it will arrive in Chamonix in about 95 years. I have never been cocky about glacier flying since."

In the four years since Ziegler founded Air-Alpes, he has made more than 5,000 Alpine landings carrying more than 12,000 skiers to remote glaciers. He will take a party only with a licensed mountain guide, one who has been through the national climbing school, the world's toughest, in Chamonix. Ziegler himself spent a summer at the school and wears the badge of "aspirant guide." There has been only one fatality among Air-Alpes passengers—on the ski down a man fell into a stream and died of pneumonia.

Ziegler takes skiers to a glacier only when the snow is sure and the weather so good that there is little doubt that the party will get out before it changes. *Téléferique* in the Alps, on the other hand, spill skiers onto the high mountains without guides, with no testing of competence, in any weather and with haphazard markings of the piste. A Chamonix guide told me that last season eight skiers were killed in crevasse accidents or slides in the Mont Blanc area.

Now both Blatgé and I had made a special trip to Chamonix to fly with Ziegler, three weeks after our lunch with him in Courchevel, only to learn that our objective was unapproachable. "What about the Chasseforêt?" asked Blatgé.

"I think we'll find one closer," Michel said. "The Col Infranchissable, and if it doesn't work we'll go on to the Rutor." We took off and headed right for the mountain. The Pilatus is a STOL (Short Takeoff and Landing) airplane, with a carton-shaped fuselage, squared-off tail and high, outsize wings. The long nose of the turboprop model makes it look like a duck in flight. There is nothing ugly-ducking about its flying characteristics. It carries seven passengers and is as free of vibration as a Caravelle. Its ceiling is 28,000 feet, and it has such a low stalling speed that it can land and take off at 50 mph.

We rose rapidly and were soon circling in what seemed a ridiculously narrow place to bring an airplane, the mountains right off the wings on all sides. The goatlike shadow of the plane on the snow put me at ease—the enormous scale of the mountains had made them look perilously close. We checked the Col Infranchissable below the Dôme du Goûter. It leads into three long, smooth, easy glaciers on the western slope of the Mont Blanc massif. But the wind was too strong here also. Five minutes later we landed on the big plateau of the Testa del Rutor. We were quickly out and unloaded. Then we pushed the tail of the plane around so that it headed into the wind, and, with a wave, Ziegler was gone in a swirl of snow, and I was at last on my glacier.

Spread out under a sky of cobalt blue—the special province of balloonists, alpinists and astronauts—was the Italian side of Mont Blanc, the whole massif from the Dôme du Goûter to the Grandes Jorasses etched in cartographic relief. Yves and I walked across the hard, wind-rippled snow to an arête that marks the border. Two glaciers descended from here—on the left the steep l'Avernet and to the right, the way indicated by a cairn, the Grand Glacier.



YVES BLATGE, LIKE ALL TRENCH ALPINE GUIDES, CARRIES 25 POUNDS OF SAFETY GEAR ON A GLACIER EXPEDITION

From the top of the Grand Glacier, Yves pointed out to me the Matterhorn, its crested-wave peak visible through a pass—Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn both on the horizon at once. I remembered what Janine had told me: "When you ski a glacier, the scenery is the thing. If you get good snow as well, that is an extra gift of God."

Yves led the way down, and I followed timorously at first, our skis chattering on the ruffled wind pack. We had hardly begun our descent when we came upon five young skiers, climbing toward us, their skis on their shoulders. They had left the village of Le Miror at 2 that morning, and it was now nearly 8.

I envied them a bit the feeling of triumph they would have when they skied back down. Among many mountain folk and the older guides the plane is looked on not only as a cheat but a danger. When you climb a glacier before you ski it, you know exactly where the crevasses are and the condition of the snow. But a guide like Blatgé can read the snow the way a Bahama native can read the water—by color. The snow over crevasses is gray and sags in the sun.

We were soon out of the hard pack into a glorious surface of dry powder on packed snow. The slope was steep, perhaps 30°, but it was a promenade twice as wide as the Champs-Élysées. At first I followed in Yves' tracks. We made clean, sweeping arcs, eight to 10 turns in a row. There was now a layer of light powder, so dry that it squeaked

continued

with every turn. The only clue to the fact that we were going very fast in that immense landscape was the flapping of my parka in the wind. After a while I felt my legs under me and began to make my own way, turning Yves' S's into figure eights in the virgin snow. Two impulses warred within me—one to ski nonstop in those effortless turns to the bottom of the glacier, the other to stop and hold onto the day and that mountain wilderness.

We drew up at a knoll to look back up the glacier, and we could follow our tracks, like cable stitching, going out of sight. A high jet left a contrail in the sky, the only other visible mark of man. It was now 8:30 and the sun was higher, the altitude lower and the snow would be changing fast. "Alloù," said Yves, and down he went.

We were suddenly in "jeus vel" or "hog salt," the French term for spring corn snow. It looked like grams of white caviar and made a swishing sound under our skis. It takes a week of warm, melting days and cloudless freezing nights of spring to set up such perfect corn conditions, and when the night pick turns to corn in the sun's first brightness it is good for only an hour or so before the caviar becomes mashed potatoes. I had seen such perfect corn only once before, in Cervinia one April when a group of us had crossed over from Zermatt, after taking a Sno-Cat up to the Italian border, along the shoulder of the Matterhorn. We had been so enraptured with it that, without toothbrushes or passports, we had stayed overnight to catch another morning like the first.

Yves and I skied out of corn in half an hour and were brought to earth by coming to soft crust that tended to break through whenever one ski was overweighted. I had had for an hour the best skiing of my life and I was content to slow down. In the shadows on the right side of the pack we found some hard snow and we let our skis go once more. But soon we were in a crevassing area and it was necessary to go back to work in the sun-softened glue. After 20 minutes the terrain flattened out and we were in a narrow mountain meadow.

We had to push with our poles to keep the skis moving. It was very warm. We stopped in the shade of a great, square boulder to take off our parkas and push up our sleeves. A stream gurgled at the base of the rock, and a winged insect, fragile as a mayfly, was crawling on the snow, a miracle of the high mountain spring. We sat on our parkas and ate chunks of the sausage and the cheese and drank from the wineskin, holding it high and squirting the wine into our mouths like Spanish bullfight fans.

With new wax on our skis, we walked down the valley, past the roofless remains of La Sassière, an abandoned village of stone huts once used in summer by herdsmen who brought cattle up to graze in the lush snow-fed meadow. Lower down we came to other summer villages, still in use but boarded up—La Vacherie (the cow shed) and La Savonne. Yellow crocuses were pushing through the snow around the sun-warmed stone foundations of the houses. Soon the snow was only a muddy path, between rocks, streams and grass. We came to a road and took off our skis for a 20-minute walk to Le Miror. A Citroën taxi was waiting. It was 11 o'clock. We finished off the wine as we drove through pastures and orchards in bloom, and I slept for most of the two-hour drive back to Chamonix.

GLACIER-SKIING TRAVEL FACTS

This winter Air-Alpes has expanded its operation, adding an alpine, or high-mountain landing strip, at Val d'Isère to those already existing at Méribel, Courchevel and La Plagne. There are airports at Le Fayet, serving Chamonix, and at Megève. Airports and alpine airports are indicated by circled planes on the map opposite. Ziegler has moved his headquarters and mechanics to Megève and will keep one Pilatus there to serve the Mont Blanc region. Another still will operate from Courchevel. The price of a glacier flight ranges, depending on flying time, from \$72 to \$180 for six passengers—or from \$12 to \$30 per person. Air-Alpes also ferries skiers between ski stations and from Geneva to the resorts for an average of \$20 one way. The company also does a big business in flights around Mont Blanc.

The visionary Ziegler is thinking in terms of scheduled flights from the capitals of Europe direct to the ski areas by 1970, with STOL planes carrying up to 60 passengers. His safety record is built on his skill and his caution. The glacier landing places, marked by the uncircled planes on the map, have all been carefully checked, first by guides who climbed to them, then by Ziegler without passengers and, finally, at his request, by the French national civil aviation service. It takes a year or two to certify a landing place. The run taken by the writer is indicated by the black line descending from Testa del Rotor.

The guides one skis with are familiar with all runs to which they are assigned. A glacier guide such as Blagat gets \$32 for his day's work, whether the party is one or six. Air-Alpes makes up the parties and endeavors to keep skiers of the same ability together. The skiing itself is not difficult—Ziegler does not fly when the snow is chancy—and an average recreational skier with the stamina for the altitude, the long run and the walk at the bottom will find the day one of the best he ever spent on skis.

The "season" for glacier skiing in the French Alps is from late March until June. Flights sometimes go as early as 5 a.m. to get to the snow before the sun is too high. Special eye protection is needed by anyone attempting the glaciers. Ziegler and all the guides use glasses, designed by Jean Vuarret, that have gradient lenses of a smoky yellow. They are specially made to screen the intense high-altitude rays but are also good in overcast or white-out conditions. The skier also should use a mountaineer's skin-protection cream and should carry a rucksack with chocolate and fruit (oranges are a good thirst-quenching idea), an extra pair of socks and gloves and a scarf. As for ski clothes, the critical matter is warmth—it is better to take off a parka and tie it around one's waist than not to have it.

In France the glory of glacier skiing does not always end at the bottom of the snow line. Most of the glacier runs end in a mountain village such as Pralognan, at the end of the Chasseforêt, where, in a rustic restaurant full of copper pots and blooming geraniums, the exultant skier will be served a lunch of the splendid haub of Savoie and an omelet or a fondue with a bottle of Crépé, the green-white wine of these mountains, while the *patronne* summons the taxi that will drive him back to the place where he started.



PEOPLE

Maybe nobody ever called him Gorgeous George, but at 16 **George Washington** was the certified heavy-weight barefisted pig-tailed champion of Tidewater Virginia. Well, anyway, something like that was going around Philadelphia, which explains what **Jersey Joe Walcott** and **Joey Giardello**, among others, were doing when they laid a wreath on George's statue at Independence Hall to promote a benefit fight night for ailing ex-Welterweight Champion Marty Servo. Embellishing freely, Walcott made a speech in which Washington emerged as "the first world's champ." Giardello cast his eyes heavenward to say, "At least we have our good fighter up there."

Winning the downhill in the 1960 Winter Olympics on un-waxed plastic-bottom skis, Frenchman **Jean Vuarnet** tipped the ski industry on its traditional ear. Now, having retained his sense of functional difference, he has installed Finnish reindeer (*below*) at the resort he is building in the Alps, not far from Geneva. The animals will be harnessed to taxi sleds so that Vuarnet's resort, unlike those permitting "disagreeably noisy and smelly automobiles," will have the peace and quiet sensitive skiers appreciate. Provided, of course, that local hunters do

not mistake the imported reindeer for game and start shooting up the place—reindeer, sleds, passengers and the like.

The fine was \$34.40 and the charge was hunting migratory fowl over a baited area on the North Carolina coast. Pleading guilty to the offense, Indiana Representative **Charles A. Haislack** grumped: "The warden scratched around and found a few kernels of corn."

Off to the races in her purple-painted helicopter as Haislack opened for his 39th season, **Liz Whitney Tippett** stared things up herself. Dressed in purple, the mistress of Llangollen stables (purple and fuchsia) broke the law by straggling onto the track in her handbag her constant companion, a scant, champagne-colored poodle named *Killer*, relentlessly touted the 2-year-olds she put up for auction last week, and breathlessly described for various listeners the wonders of her new place in Ocala, Fla. The indoor pool is shaped like the diamond-horseshoe ring she wears, she says. That way "we can swim around while we watch Hunsley-Brakley before dinner."

What he is asked to do in his current Tarzan film is run cross-country through the Brazilian jungle, swim, hurdle, broad-jump over spikes, pole-vault over spears and, at one gripping juncture, throw a flying tackle over those spears on Tarzan himself: the muscular Los Angeles Ram linebacker, **Mike Henry**. All of which Olympic Decathlete **Rufus Johnson** shrugs off. "I can't run as fast as I used to," he says, "because that takes training. But I'm doing the field events as well as ever." Nobody denies it, least of all Director Robert Gordon: "He's a king among men; he's the most beautiful man I've ever had in front of my camera."

Virginia's General Assembly, the nation's oldest legislature, was back in session, and there amidst

the delegates, looking thoughtful behind black-rim glasses and bristly pipe, stood **Bullet Bill Dudley**, the All-America halfback at Virginia in the '40s who later became a sort of one-man team for the Pittsburgh Steelers. But if the House of Delegates hopes to see a little legislative *razzmatazz* it will have to wait. Befitting a freshman, Democrat Dudley plans nothing more progressive this spring than a bill requiring automobile drivers to be 16. As for his political future, though, there's no telling. "I didn't set out to play professional football," he says. "But that's where I wound up."

Breathe easy, all. After 16 months of swearing it, A & P heir **Huntington Hartford** has sold 75% of his luxurious, bank-breaking Bahama resort, Paradise Island. The new owner, the Mary Carter Point Co., plans to build a bridge from Nassau to Paradise as well as more hotels and a gambling casino. Mary Carter arrived not a minute too soon, if you believe reports that Hartford's island kingdom had been losing 30,000 claims a month.

Averaging five yards a carry, Freshman Halfback **Richmond Flowers Jr.** turned in an altogether respectable performance at the University of Tennessee last fall—good enough, in fact, to be

named to the *Arbeits Journal's* All-South freshman team. The publicity tended to reopen the question of why the son of Alabama's courageous attorney general and would-be governor was going to college out of state in the first place. Strictly a preference for Tennessee's football and track programs, said young Flowers, who aspires to attend the 1968 Olympic Games as a hurdler on the U.S. track team. Uh-huh. And also because he could scarcely have gone to either Alabama or its arch-enemy Auburn without costing his father alumni votes at one place or the other.

"At \$50 and up the prices are unpretentious and proper for an unknown show," said the manager of Los Angeles' Ankrum art gallery—meaning that **Bernard Casey** is still more familiar as a flunkier back for the San Francisco 49ers than as an artist. But, as Casey opened a showing of 12 pencil drawings and 25 paintings (*below*), there was no indication that obscurity was here to stay. Sales were fine, including the \$325 purchase of *Sprinters of a Solemn Merit* by teammate (and art collector) **Monty Suckles**. Said one critic: "To think of this man out on the football field—that position does he play?—being clouted about seems impossible."





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"Pardon me?"

"I mean it matters more whom you're drinking with... whether you're having a hot pastrami sandwich... things like that. Then the real difference is whether it's Budweiser or not."

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"Pardon me... but then you'd say the answer to the question..."

"What question?"

"Which is better, bottled or draught?"

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"Yes, I would."

"Which would you like, bottled or draught?"

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Defense by a coyote caller

Texas Western Coach Don Haskins can cry like a dying rabbit. TW's rivals make similar sounds when clawed by his man-to-man defense

Texas Western College of the University of Texas in El Paso, known to wise guys as TWCUTEPE, the AP and UPI top 10 polls as Texas Western and to local headline writers simply as TW, is just a few rattlesnake lengths from the Rio Grande. The supernal Franklin Mountains hovering nearby and the native-stone buildings, some of which resemble the Alamo, give the school a distinctive southwestern flavor, like a pot of refined beans. It seems natural enough, then, that Head Basketball Coach Don Haskins is an expert coyote caller. Out of a plastic screwdriver handle he has made a whistle that successfully imitates the squeals of a dying rabbit. A Government trapper taught him to hide in a bush or behind a cactus, play the whistle with all the subtlety of a flutist and lure within rifle range as many as 16 coyotes a day, plus bobcats, hawks and other varmints. But varmints are not all Haskins can call up.

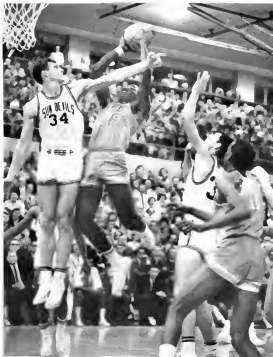
From a slum playground in The Bronx, from the sooty streets of Detroit and Gary, Ind. and, surprisingly, from Texas and New Mexico, he has gathered a group of talented basketball players whose unusual names are in the historic El Paso tradition of Cabeza de Vaca, the first non-Indian to come up through "the pass" from Mexico. There are Orsten Artis Jr., Willie Gager, Harry Flournoy, David (Big D) Lattin, Tyrone Bobby Joe Hill, Togo Raley, Nevil Shed and, pleasing to the large local Mexican population, David Palacio.

Peculiar as some of these names are, opponents this season have stopped titrating about two seconds after tipoff. The Texas Western Miners were one of two undefeated major-college teams in the nation at the end of last week. Coming off a long break for final examinations, they traveled to Tempe, Ariz. to slow down Arizona State's run-run-run game and win by 17 points. Then they returned to cozy Memorial Gym on Saturday night to smash West Texas State 69-50 and hike their record to 14-0,

Much of this success is due to Haskins' man-to-man defense, in which the poor opposition has to face five speedy Miners who consider any undeflected pass or unobstructed dribble a personal affront. Guards Orsten Artis and Bobby Joe Hill and top backcourt sub Willie Worsley

meet their foes at half-court and pester them to death. The defensive forwards are so tenacious that the men they are guarding have to run around in circles like beheaded chickens just to get open for a pass. In each of Haskins' four years as head coach, Texas Western has been among the country's top five defensive teams—third last season, giving up a piddling 57.1 points a game.

Haskins comes by his defense obsession naturally, having played for Hank Iba at Oklahoma State (Hank's son Moe is the assistant at Texas Western). Don had been a sought-after high school deadeye in Enid, Okla., but Iba soon took any cockiness out of him with a



JAZZ JOCKEY DAVID LATTIN TAKES REBOUND AWAY FROM ARIZONA STATE AT TEMPE

little psychology. "Son," he said, "the way you shoot, you better learn to play defense." Oklahoma State went to the NCAA semifinals in both of Haskins' junior and senior years.

Since then Haskins has pretty much stuck to weed-patch towns, not far from coyotes and other good hunting. He played for an industrial team in Artesia, N. Mex. for three years, and then got started coaching in Benjamin, Texas, a town with one traffic signal and lots of dust. He coached boys' basketball, girls' basketball, six-man football and drove one of those yellow school buses each morning and afternoon along humpy farm-to-market roads.

After one year he moved to Hedley, Texas, continued driving a bus and had a 114-24 record in four years of boys' basketball. He had similar results in Dumas, Texas and might have been all the way up to a town the size of Big Spring if Texas Western had not hired him in 1961. In El Paso he promptly led the Miners to their best record in history, 18-6, and developed the school's first All-American, Jim (Bad News) Barnes, now with the Baltimore Bullets.

When his current team went off to cram for finals, some critics took note of its 12-0 record and scoffed, pointing out that Texas Western had stayed comfortably at home to beat Eastern New Mexico, East Texas State, Pan-American, Weber State, Fresno State twice, Loyola of New Orleans, Iowa, Tulsa and Seattle. South Dakota and Nevada were beaten on a neutral court. The Miners were sixth in both wire-service polls and, because of mostly easy opposition and no road games, did not deserve to be higher—yet. Back from finals they came to face the first real road opponent, Arizona State, which had downed mighty Michigan in a game on the Pacific coast.

"I really do feel this is the best I've ever had," said Haskins, with his Oklahoma-Texas twang. "But right now we're terrible, mostly because of the lay-off. Under the circumstances, I'd have to say we will be very lucky to win against Arizona State."

One circumstance Haskins hated was his record in Tempe: no wins in five tries. Rooters in the little Sun Devil gymnasium wanted to continue the tradition. They posted signs saying MINERS MAKE BAD PROSPECTS and SHAKE THE MINERS. Texas Western's Willie Worsley, only 5 feet 6 according to the school

sports publicist but 5 feet 9 by his own exaggerated reckoning, entertained the crowd by trying to defy gravity and dunk the ball during warmup drills. He barely missed three times and gave up. One who did it easily was David Lattin, a 6-foot-7, 240-pound sophomore from Houston. Lattin started school at Tennessee State but left for "personal reasons" in his first quarter and showed up at Texas Western. He has the potential to be another Jim Barnes, but he is lazy ("Bend your back, Lattin, get some character," Haskins screams in practice). Perhaps he spends too much time on his El Paso FM radio show, *The Big D Jazz Session*. To punish Big D, Haskins started a less-talented player in Tempe.

Texas Western looked as if it had been practicing three hours a day during the final exams. Artis and Hill made life so miserable for Arizona State's star guard, Freddie Lewis, that he lost the ball five times in the first half. Hill had the fans gasping at his quickness, and Haskins soon relented and sent in Big D, who was confused on defense but showed muscles and an accurate, long-range jump shot. The Miners got as much as 13 points ahead in the first half, but Arizona State beat them so bad in rebounding, 29 to 15, that the margin was down to seven by half time.

In the second half Haskins worried that some of his aces would foul out, put his team into a zone defense, only the second time in his career that he has tried one. It was plain his players had no confidence in it, and in about two minutes the Sun Devils cut the lead to three points. Back in the game came Orsten Artis, who had three fouls, and back came the irritating man-to-man defense. Artis quickly stole a Freddie Lewis pass, scored, was fouled by Lewis on the play and sank the free throw. From there Texas Western pulled away easily and won 84-67.

The Miners did not look as sharp Saturday against West Texas, but little Willie Worsley from The Bronx did dunk the ball. After the game an El Paso fan was talking about congenial Don Haskins. "I don't guess he's ever met a stranger," said the man. "I almost hope he doesn't win the NCAA title. We'd lose him sure to some big school." Maybe so, but the varmints and the other coaches of the Southwest would love to see him pack up his dying-rabbit whistle and his defense and ride off into the sunset. **END**



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

One way to get expert advice

From time to time I am accosted by a complete stranger with a request to resolve a bridge argument. I usually mumble an affirmative and prepare to hear something like, "Last night I held five hearts to the ace-king and three small clubs—no, it was . . ." When the problem is finally stated, it is my custom to tactfully indicate that the hand was quite difficult and that both players were at fault. They usually are.

But I understand such questions, for novices rarely have the opportunity to ask an expert, nor are they likely to have the chance to play with one. Now a satisfying substitute has been developed at New York tournaments and is being widely adopted elsewhere. Novices are invited to enjoy a four-part program. First, an expert gives a half-hour lecture. Next, the novices are asked to play in an event of their own, limited to players with fewer than 20 master points. When the game is over, each player receives a

printed analysis of what could or should have happened on each deal. Finally, there is a short exhibition match between two pairs of experts who try eight of the deals the novices have just played. The audience follows the experts' bidding and play as relayed from a room nearby and projected on a screen. In addition to discussing the action as it occurs, at the conclusion of each deal a panel of commentators apportions a share of match points between the expert pairs by estimating what their result would be worth in a major tournament. This keeps the experts trying their best.

At one such event in New York recently, Sam Stayman and Victor Mitchell met with misfortune in front of the novices. It occurred against Ira Rubin and Phil Feldesman in the hand shown here.

South's double of the weak jump overcall was a "sputnik" bid, intended not for penalties but to show some scattered strength. The result was that North-South reached a very optimistic game.

East played a high diamond on the first trick, and West continued the suit, forcing North to ruff. Superficially it seems that South can make his contract by ruffing another diamond and leading twice toward dummy's spades. The trouble is that South does not have sufficient entries to his hand. So, after long study, declarer led a low spade from dummy—an ingenious play that offers several extra chances of success against certain spade distributions, including finding West with both the queen and jack. If it ducked, South played the 10, and West won with the queen. West knew that a diamond return would help declarer, and he also feared that a heart return would do likewise. South had tackled spades himself, so West reasoned that clubs was the best hope. A club shift would have cost nothing if East held either the queen or the 9-8. But South was able to win the trick with the 9, ruff his last diamond, cash dummy's high hearts and come to his hand with the queen of clubs to draw the last trump. One of declarer's spade losers went away on the fourth club, and the nearly impossible game was made.

The commentators had no problem awarding a top score to Feldesman-Rubin. The zero they were headed for went instead to Stayman-Mitchell, and the novices got a close look at how even the experts can sometimes handle—and mishandle—a key play.

East-West vulnerable

North dealer

NORTH			
♠	h 5 R 2		
♥	h Q 4 5		
♦	J		
♣	h A 6 2		
WEST			
♠	Q 7 4		
♥	J 9 4		
♦	A 9 5		
♣	J 10 13		
EAST			
♠	A J 6		
♥	A 2		
♦	h J 10 x 8 5		
♣	K 7		
SOUTH			
♠	10 5 3		
♥	A 10 7 2		
♦	Q 7 1		
♣	Q 9 5		
NORTH			
(Robot)	(Stayman)	(Feldesman)	(Mitchell)
1 ♠	2 ♠	DOUBLE	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	3 ♥	PASS
4 ♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: ace of diamonds



FRANCIS GOLDBER

An annotated scorecard ends club-selection guesswork, and premeditated strategy saves you strokes on the course.

Some things to think about before you swing

In golf as in, say, alligator wrestling, the approach to the problem can be everything. Here are two planning thoughts that seem basic, yet most golfers ignore them. The first is the matter of really being certain how far away the green is. I am known for my habit of pacing off a course during practice rounds and making notes on a scorecard of how far a certain rock or tree is from a green. From then on, when my ball is anywhere in the area of one of my measuring points I know the exact distance to the pin. The guesswork is gone. I don't care how deceptive the distance may look, because I will not judge the distance by eye. I let my notes tell me how hard to hit the approach shot. Have you ever made such notes for your own course? Most likely

you have not. Try it, and you will be surprised at how easy correct club selection becomes.

Second, always plan your game to suit the course that you are playing. Take, for example, the Firestone course in Akron, Ohio and Whitmarsh in Philadelphia. There is not one easy birdie hole at Firestone. There is no place that you can gamble and still make a par if you fail. If you come up with a 6 or 7, you cannot regain the strokes with birdies. So you should not gamble. At Whitmarsh, however, there are four relatively short par-5 holes where prospects for birdies are excellent. With this in mind, you should play a bolder game and gamble for birdies on every hole at Whitmarsh. In short, make your plan of attack suit the course.

JUST
A GUY
AT
OXFORD

GARY CRANAM





At Princeton, Basketball Star Bill Bradley learned to live under a microscope for a cheering nation. But Bradley had methods of defending—or concealing—his real self. Now, in the anonymity of Oxford, where he is a Rhodes scholar, his defenses are breached for the first time and Bradley emerges as a person—a mixture of hero and antihero BY JACK MANN

The Moral Re-Armament movie was over, and everything had turned out all right. The confused bishop, the embittered Negro and the golden-hearted prostitute had found God or at least had rediscovered Mr. Brown, a glibly young man who postulated morality with geometric certitude.

The audience filing out of the little hall on High Street in Oxford, England, included Beate-knewed students, babes in arms and William Warren Bradley of Crystal City, Mo., the former Princeton basketball star, now a Rhodes scholar. Bradley's basketball eminence was partly attributable to a peripheral vision that spans 195°, and his presence at MRA's pop morality play was a luncheon of an intellectual curiosity that spans 360°.

The light burns far into the night in Bradley's 12-by-12 cubicle as he pursues the Oxford read-n-yourself regimen of politics, philosophy and economics. But his application to the task, like his perfection of the jump shot, is assiduous without being grim. To Bill Bradley, Oxford is, as he insists basketball was, a "phase" he must pass through. Apply himself he will, and enjoy himself, too, then pass on to a new phase. The trick, in a world so full of interesting things, is not to miss too much in passing. An essay, for example, can be worked on late tonight, or early tomorrow, or both. It is only a few hundred long strides from lunch with a grandson

Continued

of Gandhi to *The Godfather* at O.K. Corral, with things to contemplate on the way. How did Lindsay win in New York, and why would the Cards trade Girout and Boyer? "No, I've got almost seven minutes. What's your theory?" Interview Bill Bradley and be interviewed.

There being no compelling lecture that evening, Bradley might have sat in on the Nietzsche Society's consideration of man as a means or an end, "but I wouldn't want to before I've read *Zarathustra*." Or he could have sat around and talked with guys, preferably not American guys, "but that's not something you plan." Anyway, he was curious about MRA and about cricket, and he knew that the MRA film would be introduced by Conrad C. Hunte, a West Indian cricketer. It intrigues Bradley that Oxford's curbstone historians recall no one who took up cricket as late in life as 22 and succeeded, so he might try it. "Besides, when you've been practicing basketball a couple of hours every day since you were 9 you develop physical energies that have to be channeled. It's like taking dope: you can't just stop."

Hunte was billed as "the world's best opening batsman and a member of the World Eleven," so Bradley sought him out after the film. So did others.

"This is Bill Bradley," Hunte said, introducing him around. "He's the greatest basketball player of America." There being no hoop attached to a wall within 14 miles of the Carfax (old British for crossroads, the pedestrian peril at Oxford's main intersection), the Moral Re-Armers were unimpressed. Still, Hunte kept dribbling the name. Bradley maintained a wan smile that failed to mask the expression of a young man wishing he had found some guys to talk to—even American guys—or had curled up with a book.

Bradley falls short of the genius category, although he often was so described when his legend spilled over into the area of myth during his final year at Princeton. But he is too bright and too curious not to wonder whether he just might be the greatest basketball player in—or out of—America. The thought danced through his head when the New York Knickerbockers offered him all sorts of sugar-plums to play pro basketball for a little while. It wasn't the money; he has mixed feelings about money. "But the NBA players are the best," he says. "You have to wonder if you could play with the best." Bradley still wonders, but he does his wondering inside a hair shirt of modesty. A comparison with Oscar Robertson, the only player generally assumed to be his better, would evoke from Bradley his most useful adjective, "absurd." His self-discipline is so rigid that it almost totally denies him use of the future tense when discussing Bill Bradley. He might, for example, emerge from Oxford a harmonica virtuoso, but he will consider it a violation of privacy to reveal that he is trying to master that instrument. It will be embarrassing, like Conrad Hunte's accolade to improved attainment, because he hasn't done it yet.

Bradley has no more use for beer or wine than for some other four-letter words, but the experience of the MRA

evening drove him to drink. On the walk back to his college he stopped at a cocktail lounge and drowned his uneasiness in an orange squash. He also devoured three bowls of potato chips. "That's the first time that's happened since I've been here," he said, referring to the Hunte business. "I've met quite a few people, but they just know me as a guy. It's been really great."

Hunte's name-dropping had reminded him of the extravagant final winter at Princeton, when freshmen would brag, "I saw him," and sophomores would point out Dodge Osborn as "the place where Bill Bradley lives." Bradley mimicked his worshippers for a moment, then apologized. "I didn't mind it too much, but I'd rather have been known as a human being."

By 10:45 that night the orange squash was gone and an anxious waiter had spirited away the remaining chips. Bradley excused himself, saying he had to go back and "refine" his weekly economics essay. He retired until 2:30, a nixety he could not afford at Princeton, where the 1964 Olympic Games consumed the first part of his senior year and the NCAA Tournament nibbled at the second semester. He spoke of basketball then as "a relief from the academic load," and he graduated with honors in history. But now, tutored in P.P.E. by Oxford dons, whose knack it is to make a student's most abstruse finding seem elementary, Bradley was reflecting soberly that "most of my work at Princeton was done on deadline."

"I'd say, Sir," says the new Rhodes scholar in Oxford Life by Dacre Bullock, "that I was below average all around. . . . That's the impression which, somehow, Oxford gives you about yourself."

"Which shows," replies her tutor, "that you are an unusually perceptive young man."

"Look, I have no qualms about having played basketball," Bradley said, urgently correcting an impression that he blamed the game for an "inadequate" (he later withdrew the word) preparation for Oxford. "The game has done so much for me. Look at the places I've been, for one thing." Tokyo and Tel Aviv and Portland, Ore., but the question remains whether basketball has done more for Bill Bradley or vice versa.

Bradley is the only Rhodes scholar a lot of young Americans have ever heard of. That is remarkable, inasmuch as 32 Yanks bright enough to change trains at Diced have found their way to Oxford each year since Cecil Rhodes decided that a) he couldn't take it with him and b) the colonies should be welcomed back to the Commonwealth in the spirit of Anglo-Saxon supremacy. More remarkable is the fact that Bradley is the first basketball player a number of older Americans ever heard of. That is the valid measure of the notoriety that engulfed him during the climactic weeks at Princeton—and the reason why he finds it a quiet delight to walk alone on Cornmarket Street, just a guy.

When somebody calls the sports desk to ask for an Ivy League basketball result, he only wants to know who won. He won't ask the score, because he's not a bettor. The lives play each other, like the Cabots speaking only to the Lodges, and nobody cares except the people who went there. That's the way it was, and the way it will be again. But for a few implausible weeks in 1965 housewives who wouldn't walk across the street to see the Celtics were asking breathlessly in the night how Princeton made out, and isn't that ridiculous? The whole script is ridiculous.

Kid from Smalltown, U.S.A., see. Buy next door: Tins down 75 athletic scholarships to go to Princeton on his own, because it bothers him people showing the embassies and all and he wants to do something about it. No smoke, no drink, teacher Sunday school. Real square, but what a basketball player. No game—6 feet 5 is about right—but he can do it all because he practices two, three hours a day since he's 9. So Princeton wins the Ivy League easy and everybody says so what. But in the NCAA . . .

"Morry, would you settle for the NIT? No! Well, then let's have them lose in the semi's, just for some heartbreak. Then in the consolation game the kid puts on a show, but he could of busted all the records if he wasn't so unselfish. Then the Knicks offer him the Triborough Bridge to turn pro, and he wants to, but he wins a Rhodes scholarship. Morry, this stuff don't go unless you got Jack Oakie and your heels. Who cares from basketball, anyway?"

But it happened, and people cared from basketball, people who never did before and never will again. See Bradley and forget it. Somebody will come along someday who can make the moves more fluidly and shoot the shots more accurately. But the difference will be marginal, hardly worth watching 1,000 games while waiting. It would be as pointless as waiting for the coming of a second Willie Mays.

Willie and Bill are about as different as two great athletes can be. Willie's style is as preposterous as Bill's is decorous. Willie's personality as uncomplicated as Bill's is complex. Yet they share a rare gift: the capacity to emanate the sheer joy of playing a game. Bradley would say "absurd" to any such psychological analysis of a game that can be played by small boys at recess time, an endeavor unrelated to the serious business of mankind. "What am I, after all?" he says. "I can put a ball in a hoop. What does that mean, really? Did you read *Rabbit, Run*? You can't live in the past."

Crystalline logic. But get him talking about the shots, and listen, and watch. It begins dispassionately enough. "The set," he says, "is the one I practiced most, my best shot. The jump is the one you use most often. But the hook. . . ." And now the eyes narrow, almost close. Bradley presses his palms together, draws back his right elbow, then swings his joined forearms in a long, slow arc to the left. "The hook—that's sculpture. That's poetry. It has everything."

Lyrics by Bill Bradley, talking about a process of putting a ball through a hoop. The tone could be that of John F. Kennedy, talking about the presidency very near the end of

his life and invoking a Hellenic definition of happiness: full use of your powers in an effort to achieve excellence.

Bill Bradley experienced excellence, and fat cigar smokers in Philadelphia's Palestra felt it with him. He sculpted hook shots, and ladies from Camden stopped back to admire the work. And the growing Bradley cult could be smug in the knowledge that he could, anytime, be vastly better. "I could have scored more," Bradley acknowledges, "but would that have been better? We were a young team and had to develop. If I'd shot more I suppose we could have won the Ivy League anyway. But to be the best we had to be a team."

The smugness of the cult was vindicated ultimately in the final eight minutes of Bradley's final game, the NCAA consolation against Wichita State. With victory secured, Bradley expected to come out. He lacks, he says, the "killer instinct" and never had a taste for running up a score on an outclassed opponent. But Coach Bill van Breda Kolff would not shorchange the cult, and when Bradley's teammates began returning the passes he gave them, he had little choice but to shoot. By the end of the game he had scored 58 points and the NCAA tournament record book was outdated, but the numbers were of secondary significance. If a basketball shot is an art form, this was the first public exhibition of the Bradley Collection.

Bradley made sets, long and short, jumps, hooks with both hands. And there were others that defied description. The footage of those minutes, included in a film produced at Princeton, is a demonstration of excellence fully realized.

Yet this game seldom enters the dialogue about "Bradley's greatest game." Opinion is usually divided between his 40-point effort as a sophomore in an 82-81 defeat by St. Joseph's and a 41-point performance in an 80-78 loss to Michigan in the Holiday Festival of 1964. His own choice, however, reflects the sincerity of his dedication to the team. "Our best game," he says, "was against Providence." Princeton was a heavy underdog in that third round of the NCAA last year, and the best the cult could hope for was that the result wouldn't be too embarrassing in Bradley's last game, on TV and all. It was embarrassing, all right—to Providence. Princeton won by 40 points. "Bob Haarlow shut out his man," Bradley says. "The guy had a 10- or 12-point average and Haarlow *slaw him out*. We had them right from the start. I think they led 6-4, but after that it was all over. Yeah, I guess we had a killer instinct for that one. It was an exception. We had something to prove."

Bradley himself had nothing to prove after the Holiday Festival. Though Princeton won only the first round, he was chosen Most Valuable Player over Michigan's Cazzie Russell. Against the best, before a basketball grand jury, he had answered all the questions, including some quibbles: great shooter, sure, but would he be strong enough under the boards, or tough enough? Only 205 pounds and not big in the shoulders—big enough? In the opening game he almost nudged a Syracuse player into the seats after he had become "handy." The player had no way of knowing that Bradley not only knows how to play the game rough, but

continued

with limitations, likes it that way. "I think there should be contact allowed," he says. "Especially when a guy doesn't have the ball." Bradley encountered all the contact one man could use as opponent after opponent rugged defenses for him and many tried to jostle him into the retaliation that would hasten his exit. "I learned a lesson about that when I was a freshman," Bradley says. "We were playing Manhattan, and we got ahead 17-2. It got close later, about two points, and a guy did a real dirty thing to me, I lost my temper and really gave it to him—not anything dirty, but hard, you know? That was my fourth personal and a little while later I fouled out. We lost by two points."

For the rest of his college career Bradley was "aggressive enough," but he never lost his head, as Rudyard Kipling counseled. (Bradley knows the words to *If* and thinks they should be set to music.) He averaged 30.1 points a game, and his conduct against the gang jobs was tough enough for the fat cigar smoker but neat enough for the lady from Camden.

After the Michigan game in the Holiday Festival, Bradley had nowhere to hide. The cult increased a hundredfold that week, and he became a public issue. Whether the public wanted to know or not, it had to be told how many

left-handed hook shots Bradley took in warning up, how many inches behind his right foot he positioned his left for a foul shot and to what extent his jump shot was an imitation of Jerry West's. Bradley got through such interviews with only a mild case of ennui, because he likes to talk about basketball. But then he had to move on to the next phase—the one that makes him relish being at Oxford, an asylum of anonymity. Reporters pecked under uniform No. 42 and found a human being the likes of which they had never seen in a locker room. First of all, he called everybody Mr. This is not unprecedented. Ron Fairly, for instance, did it for almost a week after he got his bonus from the Los Angeles Dodgers, but Bradley continues to do so even when he is asked not to ("It's like hitting your fingernails; a hard habit to break"). He was a guy wise for his years without being a wise guy, religious without being an evangelist. He seemed, in a four-letter Anglo-Saxon word long dulled by misuse, good. It couldn't be that simple, but reporters kept failing to uncover flaws. Replying to questions, with a firmness so gentle that few noticed he wasn't answering at all, his soft answers turned away wrath like James Stewart in *Harriet*, saying, "What did you have in mind?" When asked what he meant when he said



Although Bradley is at Oxford primarily to study, he finds time to "channel his physical energies" by taking long runs around the campus.

he wanted to be of service to his fellow man, Bradley said: "Don't you think sir, that there are some things a man ought to keep to himself?" He was telling reporters to mind their business, and they were charmed by his manner.

"Beautiful," said one veteran New York newspaperman after his first interview with Bradley. "Of course, there isn't anybody like that." Said another, usually not given to praise: "In 25 years or so our Presidents are going to have to be better than ever. It's nice to know that Bill Bradley will be available."

Bradley kept some things to himself, but the extrapolations continued. Well before his 22nd birthday Bradley had been placed in jeopardy of being marked a failure if he were not at least governor of Missouri by his 40th birthday. The projections were truly absurd, therefore embarrassing, and they forced the partial withdrawal of a naturally social personality.

The hairs on the outboard half of Bradley's left eyebrow grow straight up, a configuration that might have been wrought by an elbow under a rebound. "No, I was born this way," he says. "I can remember my mother working for hours, with oil and everything, combing it down. It would stay for a little while and then—bang!" If the right eyebrow matched, the symmetry would give a Mephistophelean effect that would look ridiculous over such a Joe College face. As it is, he appears curious, skeptical and suspicious. The first quality is inherent and the second a healthy development, but the third is an affliction. The price of privacy is eternal vigilance, and Bradley regards any question as a possible invasion.

"He has a way," says Mike Smith, center on Princeton's unbeaten football team of 1964, "of making you feel like that." (Smith, also a Rhodes scholar, rooms across the hall from Bradley, although they agree "we didn't plan it that way.")

Bradley also has a way of blunting questions that might trap him into discussions of Bradley, Armed with an acute sense of the ridiculous, he puts on little filibusters of facetiousness. Asked in a clearly academic context what his final average was at Princeton, he will say, "Oh, about 30 points a game." Or he will kill a few minutes this way: "If I have a little boy I'm going to put up a little basket on his crib when he's 2 and make him shoot an hour every day. When he's 5 he'll have to get up early and run, five miles. . ."

He's "probably" going to law school after Oxford, and he's "still interested" in a diplomatic career. What avenues has he abandoned? "I don't want to be a doctor." Did he ever? "No. They have to get up in the middle of the night. Well, in Crystal City they do. Not in cold, impersonal New York—excuse me. That wasn't even especially funny."

His personal values: "I want to have a million dollars and a big house." Figures he admires from his study of history: "Mark Hanna, John D. Rockefeller. . ."

Bradley does not, in fact, knock money, but neither does he allow it to be a factor in the choice of his life work. In

the autumn of 1964 he was simultaneously weighing the Knickerbockers' offer and being weighed by the Rhodes scholarship committee. The prospect of testing his full powers was tempting (an adjective he rejected because it had negative connotations, then decided it didn't). But Bradley sees in too much money, too soon, pitfalls such as he feared in the "transitory" fame of Princeton. "I admire a guy who has the ability to make money," he says. "Suppose a guy writes a book at 24 and it makes a million dollars. That's great, because his ability is established. But if you're an entertainer or an athlete you have only so many productive years. Then what do you do?"

The temptation dissolved when Bradley was advised, just before Christmas, that he had been elected a Rhodes scholar. It was during the exhaustive interviews by the committee, which asks funny questions, that he had suspected he would like Oxford. They asked one prospective student to make a list of the greatest popular songwriters. At the end of one session a committee member asked Bradley, by the way, had he ever played any sports? (Evidently academic lip service to Point Two of Cecil Rhodes's prescription for candidates: "his fondness for and success in mainly outdoor sports.") Hot Rod Hundley might have asked the committee member if he had heard about the gold strike at Sutter's Mill, but Bradley quietly rejoiced in the likelihood that almost nobody at Oxford would know who he was and that those who did wouldn't care. A man 6 feet 5 is difficult to conceal in Oxford, especially if his hair does not cascade to his collar and if he is bundled up like a little boy whose mother has sent him out to play in the snow. Yet Bill Bradley can thread his way among the ladies with the shopping bags on the narrow sidewalks of Cornmarket Street and, except for the Groatree Stable colors of the Worcester College scarf, be just a guy. The committee member's question made the decision easier, and so did the Knicks' management. "I'm really grateful to Mr. [Ned] Irish," Bradley says. "They said they understood, and they didn't push me."

However extraordinary a kid Bill Bradley is, he is refreshingly a kid, often amused by things inscrutable to those presumably old and sophisticated enough to analyze him. In the midst of a discussion of J. S. Mill's refinement of Bentham's utilitarianism he may suddenly extend a hand in a slip-me-some-skin gesture or burst into a German submarine captain's spid. He also eats like a kid. With palate unpledged by tobacco or alcohol, he approaches a table with the optimism he would carry into a one-on-one situation against Yale. The food at Worcester College is included in the tuition, eat it or not. A Rhodes scholar receives £900 a year, or about \$2,520. "You could make it on \$1,400," Bradley says, "if you ate all your meals in the hall."

However, Bradley often forages for food outside the walls of the college. He has found an Indian restaurant where the curry is greasy enough to vindicate American corruption of the recipe, but the price is right. Two hotels

continued

in town feed well when they are cooking in English instead of trying to imitate French and Italian dishes, but Bradley recoils in principle from a menu that says "lunch from 15s [about \$2.10]."

There is, of course, tea, a meal between meals. It is bad form to finish all the little sandwiches, buttered bread and biscuits served with tea for two, but Bradley, with only a little help, can do it. And then select "one of those and one of those and one of those" when the waiter comes by with the pastry cart.

Torn between quality and quantity, Bradley succumbed to the latter. "I found this place," he said as he devoured breakfast, "where they give you a piece of steak, french fries, pork and beans, a salad. . . ." Such a Lucullan feast, it was suggested, must have shattered his budget. "No," he said, "it's only eight shillings odd."

Like a buck fifteen. On a side street Bradley had discovered a restaurant any child of the Depression would have recognized as a greasy spoon, an enterprise conceived in venality and dedicated to the proposition that in any town—especially any college town—there is a considerable element of the populace that has a steak appetite and a cheeseburger wallet. He had been eating there for three days. It was suggested there might be some correlation between his diet and a digestion problem he was having, and logic prevailed over passion. "But, boy," Bradley said, "they sure give you a lot."

In the off-guard moments, when he forgets to be facetious, Bradley will admit he has drawn certain impressions (not, please, conclusions) from history. He admires the principled Gladstone. "He wasn't afraid to make his religious conviction felt in the area of statecraft. Even when he was Prime Minister he wasn't ashamed to go into the slums and talk to prostitutes, to try to convert them." Bradley the statecraftsman would temper Gladstonian idealism with the pragmatism of Bismarck, who was running political power plays from a split-compromise formation in the same period. "He was practical," Bradley says. "Never have a war if you can bluff your way out of it. But I'd rather not talk about them. I admire them, but I really haven't read enough about them to draw conclusions." Gladstone, like the harmonica, must not be discussed until he has been mastered. One must be sure. In art, Bradley thinks he knows what he likes, but no Impressionism adorns his wall and none will "until I find something that really has a meaning to me." To do otherwise would be like reading *Herzog* "because everybody is."

Bradley is not short of opinions. When the talk is off the record he is not reluctant to express decided views, and he can harass an antagonist with a polemic all-court press. But in this phase there are things a man ought to keep to himself, and there is so much to be learned from others.

In St. Albans, a satellite of London, a Mr. Turcotte was pointing out the "umbrella" ceiling in the restaurant. Only two of its type left in England. Twelfth century. "I like the way they've replaced the old beams," Bradley said. "They

haven't made any pretense. You can tell which are new, but that helps you appreciate the old ones."

St. Albans. Mr. Turcotte had said, had a population of about 50,000. "How many Negroes are there?" Bradley asked. "Three hundred." Mr. Turcotte said gravely, "and in a few years there'll be five times that." It seemed to Bradley that England, only now facing a situation the U.S. has had for 200 years, might profit by our mistakes. "Oh, it is a problem," Mr. Turcotte said.

"What are you worried about?" Bradley asked. "Is it just housing?" That was the principal thing. Mr. Turcotte said. Property values, you know. "I'll tell you," he added. "The races weren't meant to live together, and it won't work." Ever? "No, never."

Passing through Leighton Buzzard on the way back to Oxford, Bradley was asked his opinion of Mr. Turcotte. "A very interesting man," he said, "from several points of view." Thank you, Mr. President.

If Bradley ever does make it to the White House, he'll probably be late for the inauguration. The conductors were slamming the doors of the 8:55 express to London—reasonably, for it was 8:55—when a large personage barged into the Oxford station, scattering commuters. With a last great bound, like Kelson at the wire, he mounted the train and slumped against a compartment, his chest heaving. "Ah, Mr. Bradley," a bespectacled gentleman said. Breathlessly Bradley acknowledged the tutor's introduction of his wife. He would be delighted, he said, to join them for breakfast, but "I . . . I have to talk to these guys." He also had to dress. "Hold this," Bradley said, peeling his coat at the door of a men's lavatory. "I hope I have a tie in my pocket."

He had, but his shirt was totally unbuttoned, and the tails hung out. "Wanna know where I was 10 minutes ago?" Let us guess. In bed? "Yeah. It's a good thing I had my clothes hung on the door. It was 13 minutes to 9 when I woke up."

The expedition to London was to pick up the one trunk and two crates of books Bradley had shipped himself—about half a ton, or so it seemed, lugging them through the mud of the Worcester College campus. As well as things like Russian history, the shipment included a four-year agglomeration of the books he wants to read when he gets around to it. In what order? "*Don Quixote*, maybe. *The Idiot*. A lot of Shaw. But I don't know. Maybe I'll start with *Catfish and Crystal*. That's a history of St. Louis."

Bradley's touch of Missourian provincialism is irreconcilable with the scope of his international enthusiasms. His greatest thrill of an Olympic experience that thrilled him greatly was the closing ceremony, when the athletes, instead of marching in national groups, were allowed to straggle into the stadium with whom they chose. Bradley chose two Italian guys. (Forewarned that Oxford students often find themselves in more clubs than there are evenings

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in a term, Bradley was selective, joining only five. One is Cosmos, a United Nations group, another the Afro-Asian Club.)

Though the only Italian word Bradley seems to have learned is *ciao* (roughly, hello or goodbye), the friendship with the Italian guys endured in mutually laborious French and forged the remaining link between Bradley and basketball. He commutes to the Continent to play for Simmenthal, a Milanese team sponsored by a meat-canning firm. It is an amateur team, and Bradley signed nothing but the equivalent of AAU credentials. If Simmenthal goes all the way in the European Cup eliminations, Bradley will have played 10 games.

The newspaper *Il Giorno* read as if Bradley's debut in Milan had taken place in La Scala: "A first-rank opera tenor would have envied the personal ovation that saluted him when his extraordinary personal recital ended." He scored 36 points as Simmenthal breezed 103-73 over Giessen of West Germany, but Bradley hopes the guys in the NBA won't think he's trying to kid anybody about the quality of basketball played for the European Cup. The guys will be happy to know Bradley's style hasn't changed. The man from *Il Giorno*, used to steady ack-ack by Italian stars, noted Bradley's "masterfulness in stirring the play of his teammates."

Had he safaried his books back from London in time—characteristically he had budgeted half enough time—Bradley would have practiced at an Air Force base 15 miles from Oxford. The Oxford University team practices once a week, and Bradley tries to make it. In eight weeks he succeeded once, of the first 10 games he played two, missing one because there was southern-fried chicken to be had elsewhere. The Oxford team is ultra-amateur: the guys chip in for transportation to places where they can find teams to play, and sometimes the teams actually show up.

Unless Bradley upsets the traditions of cricket, he can never win his Blue. Pete Dawkins of West Point made it in Rugby, and Mike Smith might, but basketball is only a Half Blue sport.

"A Blue what?" In no Oxford gathering is this a bright question to ask, and the questioner is often made to feel like Oliver Twist.

"Well, a Blue helps a chap get on, you know," the chap in the bowler said. "It's as important as a First, really." A First is Oxford's top scholastic rating for a B.A. You get your B.A. with a second, third or fourth, but you don't bring it up when you're standing for Parliament.

A Blue is nothing. It is a varsity letter you don't get. It is the psychology of the Army-Navy game carried to an illogical extreme. Play in The Match against Cambridge and you're a Blue; miss it, you're a face in the crowd. It is as if Dick Kazmaier had pulled a hamstring each year and missed the Yale game. Sorry, Richard. You understand, old man. It happened this year to D. M. White, a Scot who was a whizzer for the Oxford Rugby team. He was hurt and missed The Match for the third year in a

row. It's a bloody shame, you know, but he'll get no Blue.

Bradley suffers no no-Blue blues, but there are those energies to channel. He runs 45 minutes every day he can, "because running is the only exercise that counts." Running is exercise, but basketball practice is an experience. He might have practiced in the evening after that London expedition, but there was a previous engagement at a place where a person was going to bake brownies. (It is only a presumption, but one concludes that when Bradley does not describe a person as a guy he is talking about a girl.) Shooting baskets alone in a dim, drafty airplane hangar may not seem a reasonable alternative to solitude or *The Beverly Hills Cop*, but Bill Bradley is never alone when he has a basketball.

They have always looked so sad, the kids shooting baskets alone on the concrete courts beside the Long Island Rail Road at dusk, musing and chasing the ball and trying again. They will not look so sad again. Bradley must have looked that way in his backyard in Crystal City, and so he looks in a dreary airplane hangar in England. Maybe it began as the protective artifice of an only child, but he always has friends with him, and foes.

"All-court press," he tells himself as he brings the ball up the court. "Reverse pivot, go left and shoot a jump shot, 18 feet." Bouncing the ball tentatively at the foul line, he is in Dillon Gymnasium. "A point behind, three seconds to go, one-and-one, Miss, you take three laps." Swish, swish, and Princeton wins again.

If he misses he takes the three laps. This most coachable of athletes speaks of his coaches as he speaks of his parents, gratefully and proudly. Arvel Popp in high school, who wouldn't use a 6-foot-5 kid up front because he wouldn't learn the whole game. Ed Macauley at the summer camp, who taught him the set shot and something else, that when you aren't practicing, somebody else is. Van Breda Kolf at Princeton, who earned an Oscar pretending Bradley was just another player and became "a guy we'll always want to go back and see." But it began with Jerry Ryan in the seventh grade, perhaps the day Bradley was conspicuously absent from practice.

"I was den chief in the Cub Scouts," Bradley recalls, "and we had a meeting. Mr. Ryan called and said that if I wasn't there in half an hour I was off the team. I was there." He was there every morning at 7:45 and stayed late every afternoon. In the eighth grade they played 20 games and won them all, with Mr. Popp watching.

Mr. Popp was watching an end for his football team, just as Casey Stengel would have seen a pitcher. Bradley did become a pitcher in high school, just good enough to win, but he never became an end. "My parents weren't keen about my playing football," he says. "But there was no big issue about it. I just didn't play."

In most high schools a boy who doesn't come out for one sport is less likely to succeed in another, but Mr. Popp was content to eat cake. "He'd keep me practicing after the others left," Bradley says. "He knew I'd stay until he put

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the lights out anyway. No, guilty isn't the word, but I knew he wanted me to play football, and I wanted to show him I could be in as good shape as the football players. I think now that one reason for my success as a shooter is that I didn't play football. I had those extra months of practice."

It is not true that Bradley practiced two or three hours every day. In high school there was baseball in April and May and he sort of fooled around in June, so he didn't get to serious practice until July. As a sophomore at Princeton he was the first baseman, and he batted .316. "But I hadn't developed enough to make it worthwhile. I could concentrate on basketball, but baseball I just played."

So he concentrated on basketball. "The weeks I missed a day of practice," he says, "I could count on one hand. Well, two hands." During the summer of 1964 he developed a routine of persisting with each shot until he'd made 10 of 13. "That was so I could get practice done in an hour. When I had time I used to work on a shot until I'd made 25 in a row." The Olympic Games were going to shrink his senior year, so Bradley had to have a head start on his thesis, an examination of Harry Truman's senatorial campaign of 1940. It was a summer spent largely in dusty newspaper files, but there was always an hour. The hour was never drudgery. It was fun, and it channeled those energies.

Recently Bradley had as energy-channeling a day as one finds in the first year at Oxford. There was a film of ice on the Thames, but the sky was blue. Oxford was going to play Cambridge in what Bradley called The American Touch Football Championship of Europe.

Cambridge didn't show, but the Oxford team got on the Rugby field of Corpus Christi College and began throwing passes, the way guys do. Bradley began his energy-channeling by running along the perimeter of the field. He was still jogging and hadn't touched a ball after 10 minutes, when someone yelled, "Hey, Bill!" and let fly. On the sideline an American student had been trying to explain the game to his English girl friend, and he was giving up. "That's Bill Bradley," he said, pointing to the sweat-suited figure running along the far sideline. "Oh, yes," the girl said vaguely. "He's a legend, isn't he?"

In a second the girl saw a flicker of the legend Mr. Popp had envisioned back in Crystal City. The pass was thrown badly, behind Bradley. Without breaking stride he reached back languidly with his left hand and the ball rested there, vertically. He hopped along for five more strides, holding the ball aloft as if he were carrying the Olympic torch, then gathered it in. He gathered an eight more before he missed.

The boys back in the NFL should not be misled about the quality of the intrasquad game on the playing field at Oxford that day. Sweat shirts that said things like Williams and Navy didn't elevate it from the Central Park class. But, for the record, Bradley scored two of his team's touchdowns and set up the other with an interception. They won. "Eighteen-ten," an English student told his companion, then added: "Inevitable, isn't it?"

It would be absurd to rate a football player off one choos-

up game of touch on a Sunday afternoon. All right, it's absurd, but there are guys who can learn table tennis in the morning and beat the teacher in the afternoon. Nobody would have bet the young Mickey Mantle couldn't have made a living as a halfback, and nobody should bet Bradley couldn't be a tight end.

Or a cricket Blue? Probably not, because, as he was aware when he and his parents were sifting those 75 scholarship offers (only to choose Princeton without a scholarship), there are so many things more important than sports. Bradley hesitated at a suggestion that Rhodes might rotate in his resting place if he could see Ghanaian students strolling through the Oxford where he intended diamonds should be the Anglo-Saxon's best friend. "He had a few other things in mind," Bradley says.

Things like these: "has qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship; and his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and take an interest in his school-mates, for those latter attributes will be likely in afterlife to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim."

Mr. Rhodes, meet Mr. Bradley. Hear him on his way home from the Olympics tell students at Chung Cha (in Hong Kong) and Tunghai (in Taiwan) that both conformity and nonconformity betray shortages of moral courage. "I mean you don't have to go out and get stoned because everybody does." (To Bradley the everybody-does rationale is "the opiate of multiplicity," a phrase he heard in a sermon.)

Oh, he's naive. With an undeveloped sense of the obscene, Bradley occasionally employs a colorful British term the American equivalent of which would never pass his lips. In a bucket-of-blood pub near the London docks he did not notice the double takes of the dockwalkers when he ordered an orange squash and he pronounced the place "nice." It was a nice place to get maimed, but Bradley liked it because the sandwiches were big.

In the 20th century we like our Renaissance man to be one of the boys, so maybe Bradley needs a trip around the block, a sort of weekend with Zorba. Or maybe, as time in his company hauntingly suggests, adventures into the vulgar are not as profitable as we who have been around the block tell each other. Maybe it is good to be good. Maybe it's even practical.

Daere Baldson has been at Oxford since 1920 and a don since 1928. In *Oxford Life* he is incisive about the university's function, devout about its purpose and humorous about both. "The don who once told a startled collection of mediocre undergraduates that Oxford was a waste of time for anyone who did not get a First or a Blue," he writes, "was not entirely stupid. There is no particular virtue in being second-class, even if that is the fate of most of us."

If it is the fate of William Warren Bradley, perhaps we should all go back to the drawing board. **END**



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A Strong Left Hand and a Weak Stomach

As a newspaper writer, I've covered sports from coast to coast, but after a fourth martini, when I start reminiscing, it is an early-day marbles tournament that still grabs me the tightest.

It goes back to the late 1930s, when I was breaking in as a reporter for the *Decatur, Ill. Herald-Review*. I covered about everything nobody else wanted, including the playgrounds and parks. Shortly I was to learn that they were to be my most important beat. It was the beat that introduced me to an incredible little marbles champion.

I knew that the aging H. C. Schaub, president of the newspaper, was also chairman of the park board. But I didn't realize he cared so much for minor sports, particularly marbles.

One afternoon H. C. summoned me into his office. He was a short, kindly man, but now there were clouds of concern on his face. "Jim," he said, "I see the scores of playground games in the bulletin board in the parks. Why don't we have them in the papers?"

"I've brought the scores on," I said, "but no one wanted them."

Schaub rushed into the newsroom with me following meekly in his wake.

"Why haven't we been printing the playground scores?" demanded Schaub of the city editor.

"No room," said the city editor.

"Well make room," said Schaub. And that was the start of the marbles boom. Soon our papers were holding a marbles tournament—and you know who was covering it. Schaub had announced that the winner would be sent to Atlantic City for the nationals.

This brought me into contact with a park rat I had already known slightly. Let's just call him Lefty French. A slim, freckled kid, he always carried a scout knife for playing mumble-peg, for cutting kindling and for opening pop bottles. He was even more versatile than the knife. Lefty, an anemic-looking 11-year-old, was a whiz at any game he tried.

Lefty had grown up on the fringe of Fairview Park and, since he was old enough to walk, he had considered the vast playground as his private playpen.

I had played tennis with Lefty in Fairview when no one else was around. It was like playing the buckboard. There was nothing Lefty couldn't return. And it was embarrassing to lose to a mere kid.

I wasn't surprised when, after Schaub announced the marbles tournament, Lefty reembraced the sport. Practicing all day, he soon became an expert. His tow was as hot as Ken Maynard's shooting iron. He always won the lag (for first turn) at a pitch line outside the circle. He could put English on the marbles just as Hoppe did on his billiard balls.

By the time the tournament opened, it was apparent that Lefty had the hottest thumb in Decatur.

Scattering marbles like his slingshot used to scuttle ducks on the Fairview lake, the frail left-hander swept through the competition, claimed the title and now was ready for his trip to Atlantic City. I was sent along by the paper as correspondent and guide.

Before we left, Lefty's mother called me aside. "Lefty has a fondness for Orange Crush," she cautioned. "It wouldn't hurt him, except that he always eats several bags of peanuts with the pop. And on hot days it makes him sick. His little stomach just can't take it. Please watch him on that, Mr. Scott."

I promised I would.

On the train to Atlantic City I thought I had nothing to worry about, such was Lefty's dedication. Constantly he worked on his left thumb. ("Develops muscle," he explained.) Later, at our hotel, he practiced on the corridor carpet.

The next morning he pronounced himself in fine form for the meet and was eager to have at 'em. Lefty knocked off his first three opponents as easily as he had the Decatur kids.

Lefty soon was moving all over the grounds for his various matches, and by lunch time I had lost track of him.

When play was resumed Lefty was nowhere in sight. My fears soared when he was paged over the public address system. After all, he was one of the two undefeated players. Walking out on the street, I spotted a stand which had a big Orange Crush sign.

Approaching, I asked the proprietor: "You seen a freckled kid?"

"He's out behind," he said, jerking back his thumb. "Guess he had too much pop and peanuts."

Sure enough, there was Lefty lying face-down in the grass. He had vomited. He looked half dead. Even his freckles had turned pale.

"I've had it," breathed Lefty. "I feel just terrible."

I was able to get him to his feet and bathe his face with cold water from the drinking fountain.

"You've just got to go on, kid," I pleaded. "What will Decatur think if you quit?" ("What," I thought, "would Mr. Schaub think of me?")

Though still shaky, Lefty did return to action. But he wasn't himself. Several times he was called for hating (raising the hand before he shot) and hunching (moving the hand forward).

He dropped three games before he recovered his form, and he had to settle for third place. He was moody the rest of the day.

The boy was still morose when we embarked for Decatur the next morning. Not once did he take the marbles out of his pocket. Repeatedly, I tried to draw him out, to cheer him up. But he wouldn't say much. Once he did say he thought his athletic career was over.

Lefty's father was at the station to meet him. He seemed thrilled by the third-place trophy I handed him. But not Lefty. I don't think he had ever been beaten before, and he didn't know how to adjust to it.

That evening I started worrying about Lefty. Perhaps he was more ill than I thought. And I was responsible.

Calling his home, I got his mother. "May I speak to Lefty?" I asked without identifying myself.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but he's out at Fairview for the basketball tournament. Are you Mr. Scott?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, Lefty said to tell you if you called that you should come out and see his new hook shot."

—JIM SCOTT

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

It was still four weeks until post-season tournament time and most conference races were a long way from being settled, but around the nation several independents were looking sharp. Loyola of Chicago, one of the year's surprise teams, may very well be the sharpest of all.

GAME OF THE WEEK

It was minus 12° outside Chicago Stadium, but inside were Loyola and UCLA who, between them, had won the NCAA championship for the last three years. So 18,139 stormed the place to see if George Ireland's 40-page scouting report on the Bruins (including 60 intricate diagrams) would pay off. By half time, the Ramblers' pragmatic boast that they would beat UCLA looked good. Without a man over 6 feet 5 but with the quickness, jumping ability and deadly shooting that characterized the 1963 national champs—and a defense that is far superior—Loyola was ahead 49-48 even though UCLA had shot 58%. The Ramblers' defense hit after UCLA crossed mid-court. It is a stripping-turtle-style man-to-man, and it forced 14 UCLA turnovers. The Bruins even abandoned their zone press in the face of the sprinting Loyolans led by Jim Cole-

man. Instead they counted on blocking out under the boards, and thus limiting the Ramblers to one shot. Loyola's center, Billy Smith, was having a bad night, and the strategy worked. UCLA led 87-81 with four minutes left. But 5-foot-11 sophomore Forward Doug Wardlaw made three steals off the snapping turtle, and Loyola forced the game into overtime. The Ramblers struck again quickly when Coleman, who scored 29 points, converted a steal from mid-court. Loyola then just stalled and Wardlaw topped in a missed foul shot to clinch the outcome. The Ramblers had a 102-96 win and UCLA finished with 27 errors. "The most we have ever made," said Johnny Wooden. "This team is quicker and faster than my '63 champions," said Ireland. The next night, Loyola beat Kansas State 76-70 for its 13th straight.

THE MIDWEST 1. MICHIGAN (14-4)

2. LOYOLA (14-1) 3. KANSAS (14-1)

Like UCLA, the big teams of the Missouri Valley found no friends on the road. Bradley, Tulsa and Cincinnati, the leaders, were all beaten, and suddenly six teams had a shot at the title. After struggling by little St. Joseph's of Indiana 71-66, Cincy traveled to St. Louis and ran into Gene Moore's coming-out party. The 6-foot-7 sophomore had 17 points and 15 rebounds as the Bills won 73-64. Tulsa's first league road game was a disaster. WICHITA STATE's Kelly Petr held Hurricane star Eldridge Webb to eight points, and the Shockers won 87-72. That brought Wichita State, Louisville and Drake into the race. The Bulldogs beat Iowa State 74-71 and North Texas State 78-68.

The talk in the Big Ten was that Wisconsin is in. But the Wolverines' play wasn't up to the conversation. Cazzie Russell managed just one basket in the second half, and Michigan squeaked by weak Wisconsin 69-67. MICHIGAN STATE won twice, 92-74 over Purdue and 77-68 at Northwestern, to hold second place. But IOWA, which took an offensive show from Ohio State 88-89, and MINNESOTA, a 91-75 winner over Purdue, also had a chance.

Among the independents, the only challenger to Loyola was DAYTON. The Flyers beat another Loyola (of Los Angeles) 85-57, smash of Ohio had the Mid-American race locked up after beating Marshall 74-57.

THE EAST 1. PROVIDENCE (13-1)

2. ST. JOHN'S (14-1) 3. ST. JOSEPH'S (13-4)

There was a weird slant to the din in Philadelphia's musty old Palestra last Saturday night. It was more like a funeral dirge. Not even playmaker Matt Guokas' whizzing passes could stir St. Joseph's as DAYTON's 6-foot-11 Henry Finkel climbed over the Hawks for 23 points and sophomore star Don May flipped in 16. St. Joe's may have expected that but it had not figured on being hurt by Glinder Toram, a 6-foot-6 sophomore who came off the bench in the second half to pop in 10 points. That finished the Hawks. They were upset 79-76.

PROVIDENCE beat Niagara 60-67, but it was a struggle. The Eagles had the Friars by 12 points, and tough Mike Riordan was out on fouls with 13:40 to go. Then versatile Jimmy Walker took charge. He moved to the back line on defense and began grabbing rebounds, his whirling jumpers (he got 30 points) set Providence off on a 33-8 tear, and the Friars won.

ST. JOHN'S, BOSTON COLLEGE and SYRACUSE had it easy. St. John's beat Pitt 74-51, Boston College took Colby 95-79 and Syracuse, with Dave Bing scoring 32 points, overwhelmed Massachusetts 114-72. With tournament time approaching, some other independents were also making their moves. ST. JOSEPH'S edged Seton Hall 88-82 and DAQUETTE 71-70 while GEORGETOWN overtook Fordham 81-79 for its fifth in a row.

continued



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

SAC bombed Fairleigh Dickinson 108-76 as Matt Graham scored 47 points.

Temple and Army, however, stumbled. PENN STATE's lilke leapers outjumped the bigger Owls, Carver Clinjon tipped in 25 points and the Lions won 79-73. Army lost star Mike Silliman with a wrenched knee but beat Rutgers anyway 62-61. Then, without Silliman and Guard Paul Heier, an academic casualty, the Cadets lost to a 1-2-3 81-77 in Buffalo.

Bill Bradley is just a pleasant memory now, but his play still looks good enough to win the Ivy title. With little Gary Walters quarterbacking smartly, sophomore John Haerlow getting in 17 points and Don Roderbach hitting for 20, the Tigers put down Penn 75-68. Then, a 1-2-3 88-69 setback of Columbia, gave Princeton the lead.

THE SOUTH - DUKE (16-0) 3 KENTUCKY (14-0) 5 VANDERBILT (14-1)

North Carolina State's Press Maravich, upset by his team's lackadaisical 65-54 loss to Tennessee, took some stern measures. He benched Billy Moffitt, Tommie Matlocks and Larry Worsley and started subs Ray Hodgson and Gary Hale and newly eligible Jerry Moore, a 6-foot-7 junior, against Duke. Maravich's gambit almost brought down the rusty Blue Devils. The Wolfpack, proving and double-teaming like mad, had Duke in a 67-67 tie with seven minutes to go. But Jack Martin threw in seven quick points and the Blue Devils pulled it out 86-77. "We had a big time on the hook, but it got away," lamented Maravich.

KENTUCKY and VANDERBILT, meanwhile warmed up for their return match Wednesday. The unbeaten Wildcats were never better. With Thad Jarrett scoring 25 points and Pat Riley 24, they trounced Louisiana State 111-85. Auburn was next and Kentucky broke up the Tigers' shuffle almost before it began. With old Adolph Rupp had Guards Tommie Koon and Louis Dumper swarm Auburn's outside men, and three times in the first few minutes Larry Conley alertly picked off hurried passes, cornered them into baskets and the Wildcats were on their way to a 115-78 victory. Vandy breezed, too. Clyde Lee scored 24 points and the Vols outshined Louisiana State 98-66.

Bradley had every reason to believe that Louisville would be easy. After all, the Braves had already beaten the Cardinals 87 points. But that was in Peoria. Last Saturday, before 12,000 partisans in Freedom Hall, Louisville's Wesley Unsheld led to eight points in the first game, put Bradley's Joe Allen in his hip pocket. Unsheld outscored Allen 24-16, plucked away 19 rebounds and the Cards won 103-71.

Davidson lost again to mediocre Wake Forest 82-80, as Jim Bonhart's three points with a second to go in overtime. SIMONSON is rolled over Toledo 91-77 for its sev-

enth straight while carnivals often finding someone its own size, licked Arkansas 88-75.

THE SOUTHWEST 1 TEXAS WESTERN (14-0) 2 HOUSTON (13-4) 3 OKLAHOMA CITY (14-3)

Southwest Conference teams are used to being intimidated by outsiders. But never had so many been beaten by one team in the same week. Independent minnows, yearning for national recognition, speared past Baylor 92-91 as Joe Hammond's free throw on overtime and clobbered Texas Christian 100-79 as 6-foot-8 sophomore Eli-via Hayes scored 31 points and grabbed 27 rebounds. Then the Big E—that's what they call Hayes in Houston—really got going against Texas A&M, the SWC leader. He rolled up 35 points, got 22 rebounds, baited away shots like a giant octopus flicking at minnows and the Aggies went down 97-85. "That big guy specked as the whole game," complained A&M Coach Shelby Meador. "Just having him towering around you there is tough." What did Hampton's Gon Lewis think about Hayes? "He is only the finest sophomore since Oscar Robertson, that's all," gushed Lewis.

The other major Southwest independents enjoyed themselves, too. Unbeaten TEXAS WESTERN won twice (page 49) and OKLAHOMA CITY beat Denver 98-87.

THE WEST 1 SAN FRANCISCO (10-1) 2 UTAH (10-0) 3 UCLA (10-0)

Rarely have California members of the AAWU been so humiliated in a single weekend. While UCLA was living in Chicago, Southern California and Stanford also suffered on the road. Southern Cal just could not hold San Francisco's talented Joe Ellis. He scored 23 points, snared 23 rebounds and the Dons won 81-77. Then SAN FRANCISCO, despite 37 points by Southern Cal's John Block, beat the Trogans 79-76. Stanford lost to ARIZONA 94-54 and ARIZONA STATE 82-71.

Only CALIFORNIA escaped, beating San Jose State 64-52. But it was an agonizing time for Cal Athletic Director Pete Newell, his wife Florence and 9-year-old son Greg who watched Pete Jr. do his best for San Jose. The Newells got a standoff. Cal won, but Pete Jr. led the Spartans with 15 points.

A SAN and Utah State got together at Logan in one of their typical muscle-flexing feuds. Two players were booed for branding, two Redskins fouled out and more than one feeling was bruised. Utah won 94-79.

Everybody, it seemed, wanted a hapless New Mexico State. First CHRISTIAN STATE dedicated its new \$2.2-million field house in style, thrashing the Aggies 109-70. Then WINSTON-SALEM clobbered them 111-80. Against NEW MEXICO, State lost its five starters on fouls and played the last 5:10 with four men. The Lobos, even without 6-foot-9 Mel Daniels (who was recovering from a fractured shoulder), took the Aggies 81-69.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LOVE OR MONEY

Sirs:

The moans and groans we have been hearing lately about the unusually large sums being offered and paid to rookies (*Rookie Bonuses Start a Battle*, Jan. 24) are, in my opinion, ridiculous. Those who complain fail to realize the seller's market in which the rookie operates. The rookie possesses a scarce resource, which more than one potential buyer wants badly. The buyer must reach deep into his coffers, which bulge with box-office and television revenues, to outbid the opposition for the best talent available (thereby insuring continued bulging of the coffers).

The beauty of the two-league system is that it restores, to some degree, the market mechanism for signing players. Under prevailing conditions, each new player is insured a choice and, consequently, a better bargaining position than he would have if there were only one league or a combined draft by both leagues.

The status of veteran players is, of course, less favorable. Not until both leagues cease to be hesitant about picking up rival-league players who have played out their options, as may happen soon in the squabble for Ladd and Fanson, will all the players be able to bargain with the teams in the same way the leagues bargain with the networks, the networks with the sponsors, etc.

PAUL C. WHITEHEAD

Amherst, Mass.

Sirs:

May I add an amen to the thoughts so well expressed by Mr. Milton J. Baudine (19th Hole, Jan. 24) on the foolishness of the \$500,000 rookie contract. The two giants from San Diego, Ladd and Fanson, represent the beginning of an even larger problem, i.e., how to compensate the pros who prove themselves year after year and who have decided—rightly or wrongly—that they should be worth as much as any raw recruit.

Pro football is not alone in this situation, however. We in business have been paying a little larger premium each year (although not on as large a scale) for recruiting inexperienced college graduates who, because of these high-priced terms, find themselves in a most advantageous position.

Let's hope that industry and pro football will step back for a better look—and a better solution, for everyone's sake.

C. J. HAYES JR.

Belhel Park, Pa.

Sirs:

Edwin Shrake says of the Ladd-Fanson case, "Adams and his new general manager,

the very capable and popular young Don Klosterman, are quite aware that AFL owners—not to mention those in the NFL—feel it would be a dangerous precedent to upgrade veterans, who are simply victims of the times, to the pay scale of rookies."

This passage will remain with me forever as an outstanding example of (hopefully) unconscious irony.

FRED DITZ

Cohocton, Ohio

Sirs:

The Ladd-Fanson case is proof that the high salaries given to untired players is a mistake. The only solution seems to be that the leagues must combine. The owners should agree to pay no more than a certain amount for a rookie. This would leave college players with no choice but to take it or leave it.

As for Ladd and Fanson and others like them, they, too, should be given an ultimatum: either they play for the Chargers (or the Oilers, as the case may be), or they don't play at all. Professional football doesn't need players who don't love the game.

DENNIS CAINE

Atlanta

TOWN MEETING

Sirs:

I'm sorry Sol Lampert is unhappy in our town (*A Sol Mourns Only a Sale to Sol*, Jan. 24). Woodstock, Conn. needs doers like Mr. Lampert. Like to fish myself. Good fishing's right up the road from Mr. Lampert's house: Masecraft Brook Trout. When he's met the folks in town he'll get told about the small pond with the big boss.

Woodstock's damn well not sleepy, but it has been poor—until plants like that started by Mr. Lampert moved in. I hope he'll find the excitement he's looking for in the town meetings. He can go to the Cape to unwind and fish after attending one of those. They're pretty stimulating evidence of how sleepy we are!

DAVID T. BATES

Woodstock, Conn.

TRICKY DICK

Sirs:

Congratulations to William Leggett on his timely and heartwarming article on Dick Barnett (*A New Knick with a Knack*, Jan. 17). The article came at a time when we in Gary, and the whole state of Indiana, are in the midst of one more season of "Hoosier hysteria."

As another former athlete at Gary's Roosevelt High, I can recall the times when I would take shortcuts across the schoolyard and come upon Dick practicing his jump

shots by moonlight. This was an early indication of his determination to be good.

LEO ROGERS

Gary, Ind.

Sirs:

The day that I read your article on the "new Knick" I saw the L.A. Lakers beat the San Francisco Warriors in San Francisco. This was done primarily on outstanding play by West, Hazzard, and, you guessed it, a guy by the name of Bob Hoorer (19 points).

You said that the Lakers got "hoosier and cash" from New York for Barnett. If you ask me, it looks like they got scoring, rebounds, defense and cash.

BILL LAUDE

Mountain View, Calif.

Sirs:

As a loyal supporter of the Syracuse Nationals (when they were still in Syracuse) I read with interest your recent article on Dick Barnett. When Barnett joined our team he was well received by the fans and was considered a welcome addition to what came to be widely accepted as one of the best backcourts in the league: Hal Greer, Larry Costello, Al Branch—and Barnett. It was generally agreed here that Tricky Dick (as we knew him) would have been a starter on many other league teams. However, playing behind Costello and Greer, two sharpshooting veterans who were better adapted to Syracuse's speedy running game, he remained a sixth man.

No one argues that it was frustrating for a man of Barnett's obvious talent to remain a nonstarter. However, his childish remark about Syracuse ("Ever been to Syracuse, darlin'?" will hardly endear him to any former fans.

ANNE ELAN

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed seeing some praise for Dick Barnett, who for years has been the most underrated and underused star in the NBA. It seems impossible to justify Barnett's absence from the Eastern Division All-Star team in favor of Adrian Smith of the Royals. After all, could Smith score 29 points a game and virtually run a team that is weak at the guard position? It could only happen to a Knick!

PAUL S. FLIN

Longmeadow, Mass.

HOTBED

Sirs:

As a native Hoosier who lived for a while in Kentucky I found a statement in your January 10 BASKETBALL WEEK surprising

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19TH HOLE

You said that 18,000 unaccountably jammed Louisville's Freedom Hall to see Kentucky play Notre Dame. Why shouldn't 18,000 turn out to see one of the best teams in the country and the greatest coach in the history of college basketball? These people in Indiana and Kentucky are real basketball fans.

Each March the high school basketball finals are held at Indianapolis in 18,000-seat Hunter Hotel and in Louisville in 18,000-seat Freedom Hall. If you're not associated with one of the participating schools or don't "know someone," you can forget about getting a ticket. In comparison, last year the Missouri state finals were held in St. Louis' 10,000-seat Kiel Auditorium and a mere 5,000 attended the final game.

Basketball may be making advances in other parts of the country, but it still has a long way to go to catch up to the "hottest."

CHARLES R. BROWN

Overland, Mo.

SOCCER SOFTBALL

Sirs:

In my four months as a Peace Corps teacher in West Africa I've become an enthusiastic admirer of the skill, agility and tenacity with which my physical education students play the game of soccer. Football I have found that the years of conditioning which the boys have had—locking toe caps and oranges around the streets as soon as they are able to run—sometimes acts as a deterrent to learning the skills of American games, most of which involve the hands rather than the feet. But seldom have I been so utterly astonished as when one of my students utilized a bit of lanky footwork to his advantage in our American game of softball. I thought your readers might like to hear about it.

It was a sunny December morning (there are no rain cancellations during the dry season, November to April) and one team had filled the bases with two outs in the last inning. Trailing by a run, they brought in the play when I'd hope, Joseph Amara, the talented "outside left" of the softball squad. Joseph promptly tagged a screaming liner over the infield—one of those that brings spectators instinctively to their feet—but it was hit right at Allie Conte, the left fielder. A capable softball player himself, Allie took a quick, chirpy step, then, with the grace and timing of a champion diver, he leaped up, but the softball solidly with his right wrist on the bounce and dived it 30 feet through the air into the hands of the third baseman. The side was retired and the fielders trotted nonchalantly off the diamond, completely oblivious of the extraordinary feat just accomplished. I couldn't help thinking what an outfielder like Allie wouldn't do for a manager's ulcer?

CHARLEY KILLINGER

Port Loko, Sierra Leone

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